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Familiar Faces and Old Problems

To judge by television publicity and the City's exuberance, we have a new government headed by a new St. George, ready to slay the dragons that threaten us. All that has happened in fact is that the head of the government has left us, ill, exhausted and discredited, and that his place has been taken by his chief lieutenant, also discredited and also exhausted by the strains that told so heavily on Sir Anthony.

To make it clear that the government is not new, the Foreign Secretary, who proved a subservient tool of aggression, remains in office, where he will no doubt carry out the retreat that Sir Anthony's policy has forced upon us with the same smooth agility that he brought to the discovery of successive excuses to justify the follies of the Suez policy. As Sir Anthony's government left Mr. Macmillan's little room for manoeuvre, the maintenance of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd in the Foreign Office makes little difference, except to appease the Suez group which, with the help of Lord Salisbury, can boast that it is still in power. Its other effect is to make it more difficult to persuade the Americans, the Canadians, the Indians or the world in general that any substantial change has taken place in Britain.

Mr. Butler, whose vacillations made him in some sense the hope of more progressive Tories, remains Privy Seal and Leader of the House. But his supporters have few positions of influence in the new government, in spite of *The Times'* warning that every Tory government in our age must, to survive, be in domestic politics "Butlerite." The right wing, which favours higher rents (a potent factor in increasing the cost of living), and which is willing to fight Labour's wage claims and if necessary to create unemployment, dominates the senior and junior ranks of Mr. Macmillan's administration.

The only innovation in the new government is the appointment of Sir Percy Mills, an able businessman, to hasten the development of atomic energy on which our economic prosperity in the future may depend. This objective is good; but the new Minister must be given the necessary powers to enforce priorities. There is also an administrative improvement and a hint of more economic realism in the appointment of Mr. Sandys instead of Mr. Head, and the announcement of cuts in defence expenditure. Apart from these benefits we see no reason to hope that this government will be in any important way different from the last. Mr. Macmillan and his new Chancellor are interested themselves in closer economic ties with the Continent, but we suspect that the reasons that have so far kept all British governments from throwing in their lot with the countries of Western Europe will prevent any far-reaching results. The foreign and colonial issues that will most immediately concern Mr. Macmillan are centred in the Middle East.

The Cyprus issue, where Lennox-Boyd is still in charge, seems to be deadlocked. Rumours of negotiations, which might bring Makarios to Malta, are unconfirmed. Murder continues on both sides. Everyone knows that the Radcliffe constitution has no chance of acceptance except in agreement with the Archbishop. In truth the Cyprus problem remains unsolved because the existence of a British base there is still regarded as essential for an imperialist policy which is defeated, but not discarded, in the Middle East.

Can we hope that the Macmillan government will face the real problem of our relations with the Arab world? Events in the Yemen and the Persian Gulf are only the precursors of worse to come. For many months the government has been warned that if we want to maintain our vital oil supplies we have got to come to a commercial agreement with the Arab powers, rather than try to retain a position of privileged power. The test is only too likely to come soon in Iraq, and if it comes it will not be the fault of the Russians but the result of Arab national feeling, which has been embittered by the Suez venture in which the new Prime Minister so heartily collaborated.

Though Dr. Hill will do his efficient best as a publicity officer, the split in the Tory party remains, and there is no sign that the new government is capable of understanding those forces that require Britain to overhaul the whole of its economic and world policy.

Comments on the Week's News

The Significance of Aden

With an undemarcated desert frontier and a chronic shortage of pasture, conflicts between tribes owing allegiance to the Iman of Yemen and tributaries of the Aden sheiks are endemic. There are, however, several new elements in the present situation. Regular and semi-regular Yemen troops are known to be assisting the tribesmen and to be circulating Arab nationalist propaganda in the British-protected districts; wireless-receivers are now common even in these remote regions, and the sheiks are complaining that their authority is being undermined by Cairo Radio which, since the Anglo-French intervention in Egypt, has been calling on the tribesmen to pursue a *jehad*, or holy war, against the British. Under the treaties we have with the sheiks, Britain is bound to come to their assistance if requested, and the ground-forces at the disposal of the G.O.C. Aden are limited. In recent weeks, the situation has got out of hand, and the British authorities have resorted to R.A.F. fighter-bomber sorties to break up concentrations of invading tribesmen. It is argued—with some justification from a military point of view—that aircraft can deal with such threats in a speedy and effective manner, and with a minimum loss of life (though the authorities now admit that casualties among the Yemeni tribesmen have been "considerable"). But this argument ignores the psychological effect that the news of British bombing raids will have on the entire Arab world. It is therefore essential that Britain should raise the matter at the U.N. without delay and call for the dispatch of U.N. observers. Unless this is done quickly, the Yemen and Egypt will be able to exploit the situation to the embarrassment not only of Britain but also of America. The Arabs already look upon the new "Eisenhower Doctrine" with suspicion; but, they argue, if it has any meaning at all it should apply to aggression not only by Russia but by Britain and France. An overwhelming majority of the Arabs believe that Anglo-French intervention in Suez was the prelude to a British reoccupation of Egypt and even to a French reoccupation of Syria. In their eyes, the threat to their independence comes primarily from the old colonial powers, not Russia; indeed, if anything they regard Russia as a protector. The real significance of the Aden dispute, therefore, is that if Britain allows it to continue without resorting to the U.N., and if America subsequently fails to respond to Yemen appeals for intervention, America will be once more classified in Arab eyes as an abettor of the colonialist powers, and the moral position she gained by her conduct during the Suez dispute will be undermined.

Disarmament in the Groove

Although a date for the next meeting of the disarmament sub-committee, which will probably be held in London, has not yet been fixed, the 1957 season opened last Monday with the introduction of new American proposals before the Political Committee of the Assembly. The meeting provided further evidence of the return to cold war attitudes since November. Apart from their reference to space-satellites and guided missiles, there was little new in Mr. Cabot Lodge's proposals. There was the same insistence on control and inspection of the production of new fissionable materials, and a reiteration of the "open skies" plan, the international control of atomic tests, and other devices, all of which have been rejected by the Soviet Union in the past. The only two points on which Russia agrees are "fixed" inspection teams for conventional disarmament and the "upper" numerical levels for armed forces; and neither of these are new. Particularly disappointing was America's failure to take up the recent Soviet proposal for a limited application of the "open skies" plan to a 500-mile neutralised belt in central Europe. The lengthy and acrimonious Soviet reply to Mr. Cabot Lodge's proposals was even more deplorable, in that it once more introduced political issues into a subject which years of discussion had largely succeeded in limiting to technical problems. The hopeful atmosphere which reigned at the Lancaster House meeting last Spring has vanished entirely; so also has the feeling that, with the progressive narrowing down of the gap between the rival positions on conventional disarmament, the negotiations were moving towards a climax. The content of Mr. Kuznetzov's speech may even indicate that Russia has abandoned the U.N. as a vehicle for disarmament negotiations until a much wider political discussion has taken place between the "big four" at a "summit" level.

"Undemocratic" Tanganyika

The great territory of Tanganyika is the hinge of plural Africa. It has a happy racial history, friendly relations between African, Asian and European, and a progressive but moderate nationalist movement. In all these respects it is unique in East and Central Africa. Everything that the British administration does there is, therefore, profoundly significant for the future of African peaceful development. But Tanganyika is also a United Nations trust territory. We are consequently answerable for our administration to the only international body with direct responsibility for colonial policy. It is therefore doubly disturbing to hear the leader of the Tanganyika Africans castigating the British administration before the Trusteeship Council. Julius Nyerere, the president of the Tanganyika African National Union, has just made a scathing attack at Lake Success on British policy in his country. He has pointed out that constitutional "parity," by which Europeans, Asians and Africans are equally represented in the Legislative Council, is undemocratic in the extreme. He has complained that the government's proposals to introduce a few elections in 1958 on a qualified franchise will give the vote to all Europeans, 80 per cent. of Asians, but very few Africans. He has accused Britain of gross prejudice in allocating educational funds equally between 25,000 Europeans, 70,000 Asians and 8,000,000 Africans. Nyerere and the Tanganyika African National Union do not claim that full democracy could be created overnight. They demand that a clear declaration shall be made that it is the intention to develop Tanganyika as a democratic state; that equal representation shall be given in the new constitution to African and non-African; and that elections shall take place on a common roll based on universal adult suffrage.

Welensky Furioso

It is high time that Sir Roy Welensky stopped gazing at his white Rhodesian mirage and saw the realities staring him in the face. He asks, in a recent speech, whether the Gold Coast is being given independence by Britain because its rulers are black, whilst the Rhodesian Federation is refused self-government because it is ruled by white men. Surely even Sir Roy knows sufficient about Africa to realise that the difference is not between white and black rulers, but between democracy and autocracy. The Gold Coast has universal suffrage; Rhodesia is ruled by a handful of white settlers who are outnumbered 30 to one by the Africans. The whole of Welensky's speech was obviously aimed at Mr. Lennox-Boyd, during his visit to the Federation. Welensky's object is to bully the British government into handing over African affairs to the federal government and vesting the federal authorities with virtually complete control over Central Africa. His complaint that Africans look to London instead of to Salisbury or Lusaka and are thus undermining the federal policy of racial partnership must surely have been made with his tongue in his cheek! What is this policy of partnership? It was written into the preamble of the federal constitution; but Welensky's predecessor, Sir Godfrey Huggins, indicated that the preamble could be ignored as it had only been agreed to appease British opinion. The term itself has never been defined. To the African it means nothing more than a cover for white domination: no wonder he looks to London for justice and a hint of democracy.

Busmen, Railwaymen and Engineers

Mr. Cousins, by skilful and patient negotiation on behalf of the London busmen, has succeeded in getting something substantially better than the 3 per cent. advance that seemed to be becoming the standard for concessions in the present round of wage claims. London Transport, under pressure, raised its offer from 6s. to 7s. 6d. a week and was induced to throw in concessions on Saturday pay worth roughly another 1s. 6d., thus bringing the total up to about the 9s. required to offset cost-of-living increases since the busmen's last rise. As against this, the Locomotive Engineers have accepted 3 per cent. after claiming 15 per cent., on the promise from their executive to put in a fresh claim as soon as conditions allow. This is likely to annoy the N.U.R., which is still pressing its 10 per cent. claim: the Transport Salaried Staff have not yet reached a critical point in their separate negotiations. Meanwhile, the Shipbuilding and Engineering Confederation has wisely refused to endorse the A.E.U.'s call for a two-day strike and has asked for further negotiations with the employers, with the statement that action (unspecified) will be taken unless a settlement can be reached. This leaves it up to the employers either to stand pat on their refusal to offer anything at all—which would be most unwise of them because of the ill will it would inevitably cause—or to make a moderate concession—which in the end the unions would probably accept rather than call a strike under the existing difficult conditions. The builders, under their sliding scale agreement, have now received a small advance of 1d. an hour, but are pressing for another 4d., though they would probably settle for a good deal less. Unless the engineering and shipbuilding employers decide to force a showdown, it now looks as if the present set of wage claims will get settled without a major struggle—which the unions in general clearly do not want. The other danger spot is on the railways; but if the Transport Commission is prepared to give the N.U.R. as good treatment as the London busmen there should not be much difficulty in achieving a settlement there.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

Molotov and Culture

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Judging from the amount of time he spends at his office overlooking Gorky Street, Molotov seems to be making his job as Minister of State Control a full-time one. One of his first measures was to abolish the entry-permit system that had hitherto discouraged many with complaints against the bureaucracy from calling at the ministry, while the psychological effect of his appointment is shown by the fact that the ministry's incoming mail is said to have trebled since Molotov took over. The ministry, whose work had come to a virtual standstill pending the preparation of new statutes governing its functions, now commands an authority which enables it to summon the heads of ministries to appear in person before Molotov instead of pursuing the cumbrous process of passing all its complaints against the administration through the machinery of the Council of Ministers. Certainly, between the hammer of Molotov and the anvil of Pervukhin (as head of the Economic Council) the administrative machine is going to get some hard knocks. Molotov, incidentally, is reported to have informed an American diplomat recently that he has not given up his Presidium responsibilities for cultural affairs. Be that as it may, he may well feel that his decisive intervention in Presidium discussions on these matters early last December, which resulted in the letter of December 19, now being discussed at local branch level, concluded the main phase of his work in that field. Krushchev, it is reported, had little to say on ideological subjects during his 90-minute speech to the Central Committee (though he did, it seems, stress that there would be no ideological compromise with "friendly Yugoslavia"), restricting himself mainly to questions of planning and construction—he was severe in his criticism of those responsible for siting steel works in Georgia and Cherepovets, North Russia. This restraint lends colour to reports that Krushchev's "free rein" policy came under sharp criticism in the Presidium.

Certainly, there is the hand of Molotov in those parts of the December 19 letter dealing with the two ideological camps in the world and with the need for Communists to assert the party's line on culture much more firmly. Had he not himself spoken of the "dead branch" of impressionism in his so far unpublished address to Moscow artists? Although there is evidently no intention of leading the Soviet people back into cultural isolation they are being warned that they should regard bourgeois culture critically and with a prejudice in favour of Socialist realism, and that they must accept the guidance of the party in their own creative activities. Attempts to seek support from statements made by party leaders in the Twenties for the theory that the party should not bind itself by aligning itself with a single trend in the arts and should favour "free competition" and "let the people exercise their own judgment" have been roundly condemned. There are welcome signs that a section of the intelligentsia is not letting itself be swept off its feet by the crowd now hurrying for places on the band wagon. Those who have during the past two or three years been most closely associated with the moves to fill the gaps in Soviet people's knowledge of contemporary western writing and art are now taking pains to defend the ground they have won. "We live in an atmosphere of sharp ideological conflict," one of them wrote recently. "World reaction is attempting to seize the offensive on the ideological front. Under these conditions, we require a careful ideological and aesthetic analysis of those foreign works with which we propose to acquaint the Soviet spectator and reader. We must resolutely separate genuine works of art from imitations and falsifications. We must select those works which are likely to serve as a means of familiarising the Soviet men with the deep process of life in foreign countries and the spiritual world of people from various sections of society there. . . ."

The interpretation of "genuine works" has been broad enough to include Graham Greene and François Mauriac, Picasso and the Belgian Expressionists. But those people who are earnestly trying to widen the intellectual horizon have been greatly embarrassed to discover that *Dial M for Murder* and Agatha Christie's *Crown Witness* have been put over as plays "exposing bourgeois morality," while Daphne Du Maurier's *Rebecca* has been published as a manual for English readers. And they are afraid that their own efforts may be compromised by such things.

Karachi

Suhrawardy's Fence-mending

A Pakistan Correspondent writes: It appears that differences still exist between Premier Suhrawardy's government in Karachi and a section of the East Pakistan Awami League, even after the recent meeting in East Bengal between Mr. Suhrawardy and Maulana Bhashani, the League's president. The main issue is the central government's foreign policy. The Awami League (then part of the United Front) assured the electorate in East Pakistan during the 1954 elections that should it ever come to power at the centre, it would form a progressive government, and pursue an independent foreign policy. Moreover, the Awami League has always advocated immediate withdrawal from the Baghdad and Seato pacts—on this point Maulana Bhashani has been unrelenting. Arguments based on the possible economic advantages to be derived from membership of these pacts have failed to alter his view that withdrawal would raise Pakistan's prestige in the world. Mr. Suhrawardy, because of pressure from certain powerful politicians of the Republican Party, with whom he has formed a coalition, has emphatically announced that his government is determined to support and strengthen the Baghdad Pact. The East Pakistan Awami League therefore feels that far from attempting to break away from outside influences, especially American, the government is becoming more involved. There is no doubt that Pakistan will suffer a severe setback should there be another political crisis before the long-awaited general elections.

Once again it is the Kashmir season in the United Nations. During his recent visit to Pakistan, Mr. Chou En-lai discussed the Kashmir question with a number of leaders, including a delegation from Azad Kashmir, who pointed out to the Chinese Premier that "self-determination is one of the tenets of Communism." But he did not commit himself to anything definite in the joint statement which he and Mr. Suhrawardy issued after their long talks, during which the main subject *was* Kashmir. The Chinese Premier accepted a considerable amount of documents and literature dealing with Pakistan's case against India, and promised to study them carefully before giving his views. But he flatly refused to sponsor any talks between India and Pakistan at this stage. Mr. Nehru's recent alarm at the prospect of Pakistan finding a champion in Chou turned out to be false.

In East Pakistan, there are indications that a unique political event is in the offing. Governor Fazlul Huq's Krishak Sramik Party is said to be contemplating a merger with the Muslim League. The object is to form a strong opposition to the Awami League in the general elections, when they are held. The Muslim League has become an untouchable party in East Pakistan, and any alliance would appeal to its leaders, who still dream of a dramatic comeback. By-elections were held early last December for six Muslim seats in the provincial Legislative Assembly. The Awami League swept the polls in five of the constituencies. If the current popularity of the Awami League Ministry continues, little will be gained by Mr. Huq if he joins forces with the Muslim League.

Paris

Victory for a Myth

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Although *le crime du Parc de Saint-Cloud*, which involved the brutal and unfathomable murder of a young couple, aroused more popular interest than the current electoral campaign, nobody could deny that a by-election in the heart of Paris is a reasonable guide to the mood of French public opinion. The constituency included the Left Bank, from St.-Germain-des-Près to the Sorbonne, a large working-class quarter in the XIV *arrondisement*, and the middle-class district of Montparnasse—some 550,000 electors in all and an excellent cross-section of French society. Last Sunday they were asked to pronounce on the Hungarian tragedy, the Suez adventure and government policy in Algeria. Where, as in this case, there were 22 different candidates, it is always possible to prove almost anything from the results; but no objective observer can deny one salient fact: the election was a marked victory for the right, and hence for the government's policy in Algeria. Almost a year ago, in the general election, in the same division, the left-wing parties—Communists, Socialists and Radicals—got nearly 60 per cent. of the votes; while the right—M.R.P., Moderates and Poujadistes—got 39.6 per cent. Last Sunday the proportions were almost exactly reversed. The various left parties gathered 41.7 per cent. of the votes, while the right got 55 per cent. This result can only be interpreted as a sign of a marked nationalist trend explicitly in favour of a policy of force in Algeria; indeed, the candidate who arrived at the head of the first ballot campaigned almost solely on the slogan *L'Algérie française*.

Yet the concept that Algeria is part of France, in which, until very recently, a large number of Frenchman believed, is now little more than a myth. No serious politician, not even Jacques Soustelle or Robert Lacoste, believes that the present administrative and constitutional structure of Algeria can be preserved. Behind the slogan there is no practical or practicable programme. Ordinary Frenchmen are, in a sense, aware of this; if you talk to them in a café, or on a bus, they will profess violent contempt for the government, anger at the fuel crisis, and profound scepticism about France's future. Nevertheless, 55 per cent. of them—without counting those who voted (somewhat confusedly, it is true) for the Socialist candidate, who is well known for his dislike of Mollet and his opposition to Mollet's

Algerian policy—voted for the myth last week and, by so doing, endorsed for a policy which, within a few weeks, will without doubt be condemned by the U.N. and the vast majority of world opinion. The elections of January, 1956, saw a great hope born in victory of the Republican Front; the first by-election of 1957 is the inevitable result of disillusionment.

Ottawa

The Polish Treasures

A Canadian Correspondent writes: Sooner or later the Polish treasures will have to be returned to Poland. Now that the West hovers on the verge of a cautious amiability toward the Gomulka government, the most dramatic and cordial gesture which could be made would be the swift action of the Canadian government to send the treasures forthwith to their ancient home. Probably the Department of External Affairs would do this with relief, but it can't. For the treasures which were confided to its protection seventeen years ago are not in its possession, nor apparently within its jurisdiction. They are firmly held by Premier Duplessis of Quebec, stored in the vaults of the provincial museum, guarded by the provincial police under his orders. Only the museum officials or representatives of the Polish government-in-exile, unrecognised by Canada, may see them; the tapestries are rolled, the metals tarnish.

The representatives of the Polish government in Ottawa are baffled. Not having been familiar with Canada's federal system, not enjoying the acquaintance of Premier Duplessis, maintaining no diplomatic relations with Quebec, they persist in asking why the Canadian government does not hand over their property. Since Canada trades with Poland and places no restrictions on its citizens' passports, each year a few visitors come home reporting that in Wawel Castle and in city museums, labels on vacant wall spaces or showcases announce that the armour or tapestry which belongs there "is now in Canada."

The treasures are of enormous value, at least five million dollars. Historically, they are priceless. They include a hundred and thirty tapestries from the Middle Ages, suits of jewelled armour, thirteenth-century illuminated manuscripts, music set down by Chopin's own hand, swords of long dead kings. In September, 1940, they were snatched from walls and cases by two custodians, carried across Rumania by cart, truck and barge to the Black Sea, and to France by ship. When France was falling, the Polish government ordered them taken to Canada.

In 1945 the Canadian government recognised the new government in Warsaw. It handed over seventeen million dollars in gold which the old regime had deposited with the Bank of Canada; but did nothing about the treasures. But the displaced Polish ambassador sent the two men who had brought them to Canada to deposit some in an Ottawa convent, some in a monastery down-river from Quebec City, and two trunks went to the Bank of Montreal in Ottawa. There, until protests had prompted an inquiry, they stayed. Early in 1948 the treasures appeared in the provincial museum vaults. Premier Duplessis said that he would never permit the treasures to go back to a Communist government.

When the Polish delegate brought the matter up in the United Nations, Canada's delegate advised him to take the case to the International Court. But the Poles point out that no international court has power to enforce a decision within Canada. "Whom are we to sue?" they say. "We don't know the Premier of Quebec. The government of Canada took charge of our property. Let it give it back."

Without doubt the government would be happy to. But a federal election is expected next June. No one seriously believes that the Liberals can be defeated, as things now stand. Yet Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have both recently elected Progressive-Conservative administrations, and this is no time to start a civil war with Premier Duplessis, that might send him rampaging about his province denouncing Liberal collaboration with Communism. Usually the Premier cares little who wins a federal election. Ottawa shudders at the thought that an offended Duplessis might, just possibly might, swing Quebec over to the opposition. And after all, even if there were no political dangers, how could the federal government go about repossessing the treasures? Could the Crown sue the Crown?

There is one faint hope of rescue. If, when Cardinal Wyszynski visits Rome this winter, he should mention the sadness of his native land over the lack of its heirlooms, if His Holiness should be persuaded that the new and stronger position of the Church in Poland would be buttressed by a favour done, if he should take account of the fact that the Premier of Quebec is a faithful son of the Church, then indeed the treasures might go back home.

Westminster

The Kissing Ring

"The finest cement the Tory Party has," a member of it said to me this week, "is the desire to keep office and our seats in the House of Commons"; and it is this which for the moment has united all sections of the party, if not in eager anticipation behind Mr. Harold Macmillan's government, at least in wary hopefulness on its flanks. This cement has been strong enough to withstand the initial stresses which Macmillan has placed upon it. One of these was the incredible appointment of Mr. Harold Watkinson. Having produced almost complete chaos in his section of the petrol rationing scheme, this Minister blandly left his post for the delights of a Swiss holiday at the worst of the chaos and as blandly returned to announce that everything was going the way he had planned it. For this he has been rewarded with a seat in the new Cabinet. But his fellow Tories pass this off with a shrug. "It just shows," I've heard one say, "that in politics there is a different scale of values from anywhere else."

A second stress has been the retention as Foreign Secretary of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. Lloyd is, of course, wholly acceptable to the Suez group and even to the moderates who are now becoming critical of the subsequent performance of the United Nations, though still convinced that the Suez adventure was wrong. The handful of United Nations men are prepared to wear Lloyd for the time being. They believe that after the lesson we have received nothing quite as scandalous will be tried again; they say that "Harold had to keep Selwyn because there was no one else ready for the job" or, alternatively, that "Selwyn was just carrying out orders and it is not fair to shoot the Corporal for doing what the General tells him."

In fact, Lloyd's retention is probably an astute move. Macmillan himself has had to face both ways on foreign affairs in recent months. His emotions, wafting him nostalgically back into Victorian grandeurs, made him the advocate of strong measures in Egypt; but when his brain recalled him to duty as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the modern world, he found that the costs of grandeur were beyond his means. He still remains undecided. He likes the look of himself in Palmerston's coat but finds that Mr. Gladstone is tugging at the tails. He therefore probably reasons like this: Lloyd will do what he is told. If I suppress my inclinations, let my brains have their head and adopt a more moderate foreign policy, Lloyd, with the reputation he now holds in the Suez group, can provide a smoke-screen between me and Captain Waterhouse. If I decide to be tough, Lloyd can carry on without taking breath.

A third stress which the cement has so far withstood has been the manner in which Macmillan himself was made Prime Minister and the sources to which he turned to fill the leading positions in his government. Russia during the past 30 years has been building a force of well-educated technicians and managers who now think for themselves and are no longer eager to accept whatever they are told by a few men in the Kremlin. Similar developments have been taking place in the Conservative Party. Years ago few Conservatives complained when the Cecils and the Cavendishes settled everything between them and filled the Cabinet with their nearest and dearest. But today there are many Conservative M.P.s who want a taste of democracy in their party's affairs and who resent the preferment of socially presentable Old Etonians and the consequent exclusion of men of humbler background though possibly greater ability. Towards the end of last year some of these Members, led by Mr. Kenneth Thompson, actually held a meeting to see whether what they call the "kissing ring"

could not be broken. Although it is obvious that the kissing ring has not been broken, that the Cecils and the Cavendishes are still at it, that Macmillan's new Cabinet has once again been chosen over oysters and champagne at the Turf Club, the board school malcontents are holding their hands in the interests of unity. They are content to mutter darkly, but in semi-private: "This is the last time."

Though unity has easily survived the initial strains, Macmillan may well feel that, as yet, the cement has merely covered the cracks. Deepest of these was on foreign affairs between the militants and the moderates; but this gap may not now be so wide as it was two months ago. The militants are as well organised as ever, and one of their number, Mr. Anthony Fell, took the surprising step of announcing, on the day the new Cabinet was published, that he would not support it unless it accepted six conditions. These included the protection of British interests and property abroad, no further retreat from our spheres of responsibility under threat of military force and the re-establishment of friendship with the United States but without U.S. dictation. But these generalisations, as generalisations, would probably be acceptable to the moderates who, now that the immediate Suez crisis has passed, are themselves feeling a reaction. It may well be that Macmillan will follow a line of modified militancy which could carry both sections with him and at least be tolerated by the United States.

In home affairs there will be other strains and, from the composition of his Cabinet, it is clear that Macmillan is prepared to face them. There is, first of all, the issue of the common market with Europe. Just what this means perhaps even Macmillan himself does not know; but his own interest, plus the promotion of Mr. Peter Thorneycroft and Mr. Duncan Sandys, suggests that Britain will be made at least a limited partner. In such a policy he will have to fight both the leaders of such industries as textiles and motor cars outside the House and his own party's trade group under Sir John Barlow inside it. But the party's finance group, under Major H. R. Spence, will probably support him, and so will the natural loyalists who have no convictions one way or another.

Then there is the question of power policy, pinpointed by the selection of Sir Percy Mills. It is clear that Sir Percy's job is to achieve a great increase in our sources of power. That is an excellent, indeed an indispensable aim. But it cannot be achieved without establishing priorities and physical controls. If, for example, we are to have the steel and other materials for new atom plans, generating stations and gas works, some other industries needing steel will have to be kept short. Some sections of his party are rigidly opposed to controls of this kind whether used for the power policy or to secure a balance of payments; and they will fight. But among the practical business men in his party, there are some who, like Mr. Cyril Osborne, have already openly demanded such controls, even at the expense of their own industries, as the only means by which the country's position can be retrieved. Macmillan may, therefore, not find this fight as hard as at one time seemed likely.

In a third sphere, defence, he may find little political opposition and a great deal of political support. Since the war, opinion, both expert and lay, has been moving towards the idea of some form of combined service. Nothing much has so far been achieved because the Minister of Defence, almost invariably, has been tied by his experience to one service ministry and has thought in terms of that ministry and not of defence as a whole. Duncan Sandys has no such ties. He comes to his job without prejudice and with the dogged, single-minded toughness without which no Defence Minister can quell the clamours of the War Office and the Air Ministry, or circumvent the subtleties of the Admiralty. Macmillan could get widespread credit if he allowed Duncan Sandys to revolutionise the armed services.

One sign that he intends to do so is the removal of Hailsham. In his few weeks at the Admiralty, Hailsham had already absorbed himself in the Navy. Had he stayed, he might well have been a passionate and able advocate of the Navy's claims, irrespective of the claims of other services. That would have made things more difficult for the Minister of Defence. Now Hailsham is transferred to Education, where his abilities and drive can be canalised into producing the scientists and technicians of which the country is so short.

Thus, though Macmillan will meet opposition inside his own party, it does not seem that the opposition will be effective. Those who oppose some measures will support others and he is nimble enough to manœuvre his way through. While the long-term plans of Mills and Sandys are maturing, a number of tit-bits may be thrown to the country—some reduction of the call-up, perhaps, and a concession in Clause 9 of the Rents Bill to middle-class tenants by Mr. Henry Brooke, Sandys' successor at Housing and Local Government. These will find employment for the government's advertising agent, Dr. Charles Hill, who, at the moment, can do no more than brood, balloon-like, over the scene, emitting gas. But all the time, the slogan-minded Premier will be looking for one, easily understandable success, comparable to his 300,000 houses, which will induce the ordinary elector to say: "Well, at least the government has done *that*." He may have luck with world prices and hence with the cost of living. Or he may get his slogan from Hailsham's dash at education. When he does get it, he will go to the country. But the time for that is not yet.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Gomulka's Second Crisis

On Sunday the Polish people go to the polls. And this general election may well lead to a crisis even more serious than the "October Days," when Mr. Gomulka and his colleagues steered skilfully between the twin dangers of a popular outbreak and Soviet intervention. For the "Polish solution" solved nothing: it merely bought a little time for the anti-Stalinist leaders in which they could try to deal with the worsening economic situation and to cope with the revolutionary—and anti-Soviet—temper of the people. While Gomulka himself became a popular hero, part of the price he had to pay for his success was the promise of early elections—and elections, moreover, which would be demonstrably honest and in some degree a genuine test of opinion.

This promise raised serious problems even before the Hungarian revolution. But after the bloody Soviet intervention in Budapest, and the swing back towards a tougher line in Moscow, the dangers of a relatively free election became more obvious. What if the Communists should suffer a heavy defeat? The election of a non-Communist majority to the Sejm might well convince the Russians that Gomulka had lost control; and this would then be the pretext for a Soviet intervention to "protect" Poland from the "counter-revolution." Mr. Gomulka is well aware of this risk. He would, no doubt, have preferred to postpone the elections. But postponement would have squandered the precious capital of goodwill that he built up by his defiance of Moscow last October. And goodwill is at present his chief asset, the one effective dam against the flood of popular discontent.

For this reason the rules of the election were carefully framed to reduce the risks to a minimum. The Poles have been given freedom of choice between "approved" candidates. But the candidates appear on the ballot in order of "reliability," and an unmarked ballot will be counted as a vote for the names at the top of the list. In a secret ballot, however, there is nothing to prevent the voters choosing the "less reliable" nominees, if only as a protest against the excesses and mistakes of Gomulka's predecessors. In particular they may well vote down anti-Stalinists and former Socialists, who are personally not compromised, simply because they are members of the Workers' Party. This is possible because there are only 360 Communist candidates for the 459 seats in the Sejm, while there are 180 from the Peasant Party, 114 "independents" and 70 Democrats. True, many of the candidates from the other parties are supporters of Gomulka, while some of the Communist candidates are men who are lukewarm converts from Stalinism. Yet such personalities are unlikely to count for much. If a large vote is given to the non-Communist candidates, it will be intended—and certainly under-

stood by the Russians—as an "anti-Marxist" gesture.

Reports from Poland this week suggest that something of this sort may happen. The government leaders have been urging electors to cast unmarked ballots as a vote of confidence, and election officials in some areas have been instructed to strike off candidates who have shown "weakness of character, lack of responsibility for their behaviour, and lack of discipline." There is some evidence, too, that the election campaign has been used as a cover by both the Stalinists and right-wing groups to discredit Gomulka. Both these groups have been using anti-Semitic propaganda, and there have been some ugly outbreaks of violence against pro-government election workers. It is not surprising that the Stalinist faction, with Soviet support, has covertly lined up with extremists of the right. For it is in the interest of the Stalinists to play up "reactionary provocations".

In this situation, it is difficult to judge what advice Chou En-lai can usefully have given to Gomulka during his visit. He undoubtedly urged caution, both as regards internal concessions and in his attitude towards the Soviet Union. But the Gomulka regime has to be confirmed at the polls before it can act on any suggestions Chou may have offered. Gomulka may be willing, in this crisis, to conciliate the Kremlin as far as it is politically possible: he may realise that his security measures need careful reconsideration; he may even be willing to make some gesture towards Communist "unity." He can do none of these things, nor can he stand up to Russian demands for a "Kadar solution," unless he wins a presentable vote of confidence on Sunday.

These problems will have been explained to Chou in Warsaw. And, despite Chou's public support for the new Kremlin line, it seems clear that he has been received in Warsaw as a candid friend rather than as a mere emissary of the Soviet leaders. For the Poles have not forgotten the support they received from Peking in October. (Copies of the telegram from Mao Tse-tung, which opposed Soviet armed intervention at that time, are now being circulated privately in Warsaw.) They have learnt, too, that Krushchev made a hurried and secret visit to Peking after the Hungarian revolution to enlist the support of the Chinese against the attempted come-back of Molotov and his faction. (This visit explains why the Chinese attitude towards Hungary was changed before the Soviet central committee meeting at the end of December.) A compromise was reached, with Chinese help and support, but the price of the compromise was the "Kadar solution" in Hungary, and Chou's agreement to try to keep Poland within the Communist camp.

That is the purpose of the Warsaw visit. The collapse in Hungary weakened the bargaining position of the anti-Stalinists throughout the Communist bloc: concessions have been demanded from Krushchev, from the Chinese, and from the Poles. And Chou must have told Gomulka that there is now no chance of preventing the Stalinists from recovering full power if the situation in Poland disintegrates.

The best that Gomulka can now hope for is that the election results will be good enough to buy him more time—time to improve the economic plight of Poland, and time to carry out the complicated manoeuvres with the Russians which the new situation demands. His one strong card is the reluctance of the Russians to start what could only be a full-scale war against the Polish army and the factory militia. But he cannot successfully play that card unless he can count—as he did last October—on the confidence and the discipline of the Polish people.

London Diary

LABOUR started two hares at the weekend. The first may turn out to be a red herring; the second will be worth a lusty chase. To say that the Tories are bringing the Queen into the political arena by leaving it to her to choose the Prime Minister is no more than a debating point. It is true that *The Times* said that every government nowadays must be "Butlerite," and suggested that the choice of Macmillan may prove to have been unwise. But no one really believes that the Labour Party will therefore be charged with attacking the Queen when it attacks Macmillan. Unless the Labour Party intends—as I'm sure it does not—to make a constitutional issue of the monarch's right to nominate the Prime Minister, there is no more in this point than a fair tease of the Tories because they can't choose their own leader. Of course the Queen's prerogative does not mean that she is free to choose as she likes. She must nominate as Premier the man who can be most sure of a majority in the House of Commons, and so, in effect, she has to choose, when the Tories are in power, the man whom she is told by the elder statesmen of the party will divide it least. When Labour is in power she must nominate its elected leader. The Tories always play follow-my-leader; they do not democratically elect him. Their Carlton Club meeting of Tory M.P.s, peers and candidates, merely confirms a caucus decision. It was Mr. Iremonger, the Tory M.P. for North Ilford, and a staunch supporter of Mr. Macmillan, who wrote on January 12 to the *Daily Telegraph* protesting against the control of his party by an "intolerable oligarchy".

* * *

Here comes the point on which Labour can legitimately make real political capital. Randolph Churchill's revelations, supplemented by Lord Woolton and various columnists, do in fact show that Mr. Butler was by-passed and that a few Tories, of whom Lord Salisbury is the boss, knew, when Sir Anthony Eden came back from Goldeneye, that he would retire, both for political and health reasons. They can justify their intrigue on the ground that Butler would be unpopular with a larger section of the party than Macmillan would be. They (as well as some who are not members of the Suez group) dislike Butler mainly because he shilly-shallied over the invasion of Egypt; some (not always the same group) regard Butler as a dangerous, unreliable intellectual, who sponsors a reformist, liberal kind of Toryism. The genealogical tree showing the inter-relationship of the Cecils, Cavendishes and Churchills which appeared on the front page of *Reynolds* last Sunday could have been even more impressive. I believe there are 15, not 11, M.P.s who are related to Lord Salisbury. (I make it 16 if you do not count Eden.) In short it can be fairly said that when the Tories are in office a small aristocratic clique exercises a decisive influence. As someone said the other day, Conservative Premiers usually have this in common—that they are all related to Lord Salisbury.

* * *

What a hullabaloo there would have been if a Labour government had brought back petrol rationing! And what a justified hullabaloo if the responsible ministries had made such a muddle of it! I am astonished at the self-denial of the opposition press. A man who keeps a small garage told me that he had put in a somewhat generous request for supplementary petrol to cover his taxi needs. He expected to receive two-thirds of what he asked for and was naturally surprised when he received 30 per cent. above his demand. A local factory I know of is nearly at a standstill for lack of petrol; another concern revealed that it received twice as much as its application. Many big firms are furious because they got about one-third of what they have been led to expect, while the government seems to have gone out of its way to alienate small users. Commercial travellers are particularly hard hit. What is a man to do who "travels" in boots and shoes and needs 20 cases to carry his 400 samples round with him? He must use a car; yet the traveller I have in mind has been granted 4 gallons a month, which, with his basic, enables him to cover 360 miles instead of his usual 1,200. He has nothing to live on apart from his commission. An M.P. who is urging his case with the authority tells me that the Conservative agent in his constituency, who doesn't even run a car, is getting coupons for 1,150 miles a month for his own official use and for that of the prospective candidate. The M.P.'s own agent gets enough for 750 miles a month. This seems surprisingly generous for party work in a compact county borough area. The allocation for political work in county constituencies is sometimes even more lavish. The Minister of Fuel seems to have agreed to a system of block grants for political work in constituencies whereby all parties get the same treatment—differentiation depending on whether they have a prospective candidate or a sitting member. The allocation for the former is larger; the assumption seems to be that the M.P. will be drawing his own supplementary. But some M.P.s I know get a very meagre ration of extra petrol. The more honest of them don't see why they shouldn't travel, when possible, by public transport. But if these anomalies don't lead to "fiddles" and black-marketeering, I'm a Dutchman.

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A. E. Coppard, whose death this week saddened and surprised me, was a neighbour of mine for many years. I was astonished to learn that he was 79. He was a slim, dark, eager man whom I always thought of as the same generation as myself. I knew his strange, imaginative short stories long before I knew him. As a companion and conversationalist he had only one defect—if you can call it such—a tendency to take wild plunges into political controversies he didn't really understand. He was essentially a man of the country, living his own eccentric thoughts, with no particular grip upon theories and publicised events. He was a born anarchist; politically you never knew where he was going, whether to a Communist congress, a pacifist meeting or a parade of the Home Guards. An amusing example of his dry humour is to be found in *Who's Who*. Can there be a better entry in that remarkable publication than *Recreation*: "Resting."?

* * *

"The excitement of the week has been the immense triumph of Gaitskell in the Godkin lectures on co-existence. I have not myself listened to every word of any lecture for years, and he really made us attend to every sentence." This tribute comes from a letter that I've just received from an Englishman at Harvard, who has a severely critical mind and who has not, I should have thought, any special bias in Gaitskell's favour. He goes on: "No attacks on anyone, sweet magnanimity, a deep command of his subject (in academic mode) which had everyone marvelling. The last lecture on uncommitted areas, especially in the Near East, kept his audience rapt in awed admiration. He lifted the whole business of Anglo-American attitudes on

to a grand super-party level. I am still wondering how he did it; such a trite theme and stock sentiment."

* * *

I used to know a "Customs Preventive Officer" who said he could spot a *Lady Chatterley* in any disguise. The edition most favoured for smuggling into this country, he said, has yellow edges to its pages; and even if the Continental binders did it up as a cookery book (which they sometimes did) you could always see it coming. He would never tell me what else was on the Customs *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, and as far as I know this is a dark Customs' secret (I've often wondered why). At any rate, M. Jean Genet is on the list now—the Customs have impounded as "obscene" a two-volume edition of his complete works, which was on its way to Blackwell's for the Birmingham Central Library. The chief librarian had ordered it for the Birmingham French collection because *The Times Literary Supplement* had quoted the opinion of Jean-Paul Sartre and other French critics that Genet was "among the greatest of his contemporaries." The librarian can challenge the Customs' decision in a magistrates' court, but apparently he isn't going to. "My view is that censorship should be exercised by the government," he says, "and if they take the view that the books are unsuitable I shall not regard as my duty to press for their return." I hope his library committee will think differently. I've always understood that we were allowed to read grown-up books provided they were in a foreign language. Perhaps too many of us are getting to know French.

CRITIC

The Grove of Eumenides

CHORUS

Woe, Woe! The kindly Furies, in a hurry,
Have summoned Sophocles and Gilbert Murray;
The Fates accelerate the Tragic Muse—
Rehearse, sad Stranger, your lugubrious news!

MESSENGER (*entering*)

Edepus Orphanage is my abode,
Witness my empty purse and heavy load—

CHORUS

Oh, spare us now the sighin' and the sobbin'
And tell the audience who killed Cock Robin.

MESSENGER

The Delphic Oracle says it was Randy,
With a blunt anything-that-came-in-handy.

CHORUS

Oh, horror! After high and mighty jinks
You feel the curse you laid upon the Sphinx!
But had the Fates no weapon that was subtler?
Even King Pharaoh had a crafty Butler . . .

MESSENGER

Then hear my tale. The hemlock was prepared,
The Gods and Interested Parties squared
By whom we know not—but of one accord
The vassals schemed to liquidate their Lord.
The Favourite Son thought he could bide his time,
But Rabelas is dished, dished e'er his Prime;
For while he waited there arose Macmillan
To grab the Crown while others did the killun'.
This was his *via media*—that's to say,
In simple Greek I mean *The Middle Way*.

CHORUS

Off-stage and decorously now the feud
Is, by tradition, bloodily renewed:
Attend, ye Fates, and ye Immortals, hark—
But keep the Furies from St. James's Park!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I don't object to the neighbours coming in to watch my television, but I do object to them insisting on having the programme I don't want. Is there a remedy?—Letter in *Evening News*. (G. S. Burton.)

Zahrat—the 19-year-old girl fire-eater Priscilla Birt—has been officially listed as a "stationary plant" for petrol rationing purposes, and so gets extra petrol for her act. She appeared on ITV last night—*Daily Herald*. (E. Hanforth.)

Many people witnessed a deplorably undignified display by the police at Buckingham Palace the other day.

One comparatively small coloured man required four portly policemen to remove him from the Palace railings, and in the end all five were grovelling in the gutter.

Is it not essential that in these troublous times the Queen, and her residence, should be protected by young, athletic policemen, trained for the job, and able to act with the smooth efficiency visitors to this country are always said to admire?—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (N. Minton.)

Policy for Coal

It is ten years since Britain's first major industry was nationalised. The occasion has been celebrated by the National Coal Board with reviews of the progress achieved* by comparison with the state of the coal industry before it was nationalised. Yet this is an apt time to consider the emphasis of long-term policies, of the industrial strategy, of the coal industry. These questions, particularly those of price and investment policy, turn upon the need for a much more decisive policy for promoting not only the output but the more efficient use of coal. With fuel imports a growing burden on our balance of payments, with the dangers of dependence on overseas fuel supplies so clear, it is vital to make better use of our great natural resource of coal.

Until 1953-54 there was serious under-investment in coal, particularly in major schemes for new sinkings and reconstruction of pits. The consequence has been a decline in *capacity* since nationalisation of at least 30m. tons a year. How has this happened? The N.C.B. inherited an industry which, due to labour shortages, obsolete methods, and inadequate mechanisation, was working considerably below capacity. Despite the warnings of the 1945 Reid Report that new sinkings were "urgently necessary" and that "a vast programme of reconstruction" was required, the N.C.B. in its first three years spent only £3m. a year on major schemes. Its attention was concentrated on seeking increased output per miner without radical alteration of the pits. Not till late 1950 did the N.C.B. produce a long-term development plan, and this was not matched by any increase in capital expenditure until 1952. In 1952, with an increase in manpower in the pits, it was realised that most pits were fully manned, and that the main factor limiting output was the (declining) capacity of the industry. This has barely been offset since by improvements in the use of available capacity. Hence coal output rose until 1952, and has stagnated since. Is the N.C.B.'s investment programme now an adequate one? Since 1954 investment in plant and machinery has been (allowing for price changes) just over twice the annual rate of the first five years, and for buildings and works two and a half times as great. This is an improvement on a very low level; in the European Coal and Steel Community investment per ton of coal is nearly double the British level. Two major weaknesses remain.

First, the rate of progress must be speeded up if enormous resources are not to be tied up over the next decade in uncompleted capital construction. The latest survey shows that it takes over ten years to complete a new sinking, and over eight for a major reconstruction. Thus, of £128m. spent on major schemes from 1947 to 1955, all but £11.5m. were still uncompleted by the end of 1955.

Secondly, the N.C.B. is now so absorbed by its new emphasis on major pit development, that it is not seeing the vital and pressing need to improve rapidly the *use* of its coal output. Indeed, the continuation of capitalist mentality in public industry cannot be more aptly illustrated than by the attention the N.C.B. pays to productivity and production costs, and the relative indifference with which it contemplates waste of that coal through inefficient use.

Yet the N.C.B. (and government) might have been expected to pay more than lip-service to improved coal utilisation. The N.C.B. expects coal output to be only 20m. tons higher by 1965. There is the question of clean air; the Committee on Air Pollution estimated that in the "black" areas alone 19m. tons of house coal would need to be replaced by smokeless fuels. There is, again, the dependence on foreign fuel supplies. Should not these things stimulate policies aimed at improving the use of what coal we have? Is it possible for the pricing policy for coal to contribute to this? What does it imply for the investment policies of the N.C.B.?

The public is understandably bemused by the arguments of rival schools of thought on pricing policy—the "dear coal" advocates and the "cheap coal" advocates. The nationalised industries are directed by the statutes which established them to "break even," i.e., apparently to charge consumers the average cost of production. The attitude behind this policy as applied to coal was put, by the cheap coal advocates in the Ridley Report (on the use of fuel and power resources), as follows: "The over-riding principle is that coal is so important to the community that it should be sold at the lowest price—consistent with the N.C.B.'s covering its cost." Such a viewpoint is, clearly, open to the objection that a low price for coal may discourage improvements in its use. There is also the problem of how far the current price should cover not only the current cost of production but the replacement of capital used up. Over the last decade coal has been sold *below* its cost of production at least to the extent of the £300 to £400m. that would be the current cost of replacing the decline in capacity that has taken place. Has this pricing at average current costs of production (without adequate allowance for the capital used up) helped to discourage the N.C.B. from embarking on large investment programmes which it has had to finance by borrowing from the state? A true "break even" price which covered the replacement of capital needed to maintain capacity in the pits would require higher prices. Would higher prices also stimulate better use of coal?

Experience so far of large general increases in coal prices has always been that the main coal users pass on the increase in their fuel bills, sometimes with more added on. In our highly cartelised industrial structure this may give comparatively little incentive to increase fuel efficiency,

*N.C.B.: British Coal, the Re-birth of an Industry. See also "The N.C.B.: The First Ten Years," *Colliery Guardian*.

for the general nature of the increase means that the comparative fuel costs of different firms within an industry are hardly affected. The point is that such a general price increase penalises the efficient user and the inefficient user alike. Increased coal prices might seem to be likely to lead more to a general increase in prices than to significant improvement in fuel use. However, it should be remembered that any surpluses arising from increased coal prices could be used directly to finance investment aimed at improving efficiency of coal use.

In pricing policy, however, it is not necessary to act as if the choice is only between cheap and dear coal—between a general policy of keeping coal prices down, and a general price increase. The industrial (and domestic) consumer should pay at least what the coal he consumes is costing the community. The inefficient users are forcing the community to secure extra coal output at high cost (e.g., from Saturday working, or from marginal pits) or to import additional fuel, and pricing policy should bring this home to them. The efficient coal user, on the other hand, is not causing these additional burdens and need be charged no more than the average cost of production. Is it possible to have marked differentiation in coal prices based on efficiency of use? The Ridley Report, in its Appendix VIII, showed how assessment of fuel efficiency could be carried out:

> Statistics for the industrial consumption of solid fuel show that . . . over half the coal consumed is taken by about 650 firms, each using over 10,000 tons a year, and that three-quarters is taken by a total of about 3,150 firms each using over 2,000 tons. The work of the Fuel Efficiency Branch of the Ministry of Fuel and Power indicates that the larger consumers are no more efficient in their use of coal than are the smaller consumers.

Hence, it would be possible to make a substantial start by assessing the fuel efficiency of the largest firms first, using available fuel efficiency staff both from the ministry and from industry to assess the tonnage required if a firm were efficient. Coal prices could be put on a sliding scale varying inversely with efficiency of coal use. (As an example, a firm which, if efficient, would be using 20,000 tons charged at £4 a ton [total bill £80,000], might be due to inefficiency, using 30,000 tons for all of which it would have to pay £6 a ton [total bill £180,000]. It might now have more incentive to become efficient.) Under such an arrangement there would be no general increase in coal prices, and a firm that tried to raise its prices would be admitting that it was passing on the cost of its own inefficiency. Nor would there be the present problem about the selling price of imported coal, although it might be thought that to let the inefficient buy it at its import price is letting them off too lightly in view of our balance of payments difficulties.

For the N.C.B. such a pricing policy would aid (by surpluses mulcted from the inefficient), and would need to be complemented by, a development plan for a far more rapid growth of research and production concerned with carbonisation, smokeless fuels, and valuable by-products. At present three times more coal is used raw than is carbonised, while production of smokeless fuels is marginal. The N.C.B. keeps its research establishment at Stoke Orchard on a lead. In 1955, the N.C.B. carbonised only 10m. tons of coal—only a million tons more than in 1948—and the "plan" for 1965 is to carbonise under 12m. tons. Compared with the £860m. the Board proposes to invest in collieries before 1965, the capital expenditure planned on carbonisation and manufactured fuel amounts only to £58m. over ten years (considerably less than 1 per cent. of pithead proceeds). The N.C.B. obviously looks on its responsibilities in the coal industry as predominantly coal-getting, and drags its heels (to the frustration of the scientists and technicians concerned) in the extremely important field of coal use. In the national interest, the N.C.B. in its investment programmes should give maximum priority to the development of research and production in the field of smokeless fuels and by-products. Here is a rapidly developing field of technology. It is true that if the N.C.B. does not advance into it, then the steel and chemical combines doubtless will in due time. But the need for rapid advance is with us now.

JOHN HUGHES

Fleet Street Notebook

EVEN Mr. Macmillan's well-known ebullience of spirit can hardly have found much to reinforce it in the press reception to his Cabinet. "His leadership will be watched with anxiety. It has begun badly," the *Manchester Guardian* pronounced gloomily at the end of a leading article which opened by referring to the retention of Selwyn Lloyd as "an astonishing and deplorable step" and went on to examine the new balance in the Cabinet in disapproving detail. Having repeated that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's "continued presence at the Foreign Office will make a thoroughly bad impression," the *Manchester Guardian* added: "The impression will not be redeemed by the promotion to the Cabinet of Lord Hailsham and Dr. Hill—or by the loss . . . of Mr. Lloyd-George and Sir Walter Monckton." In all it concluded "the appearance of Mr. Macmillan's Ministry is of an unreconstructed, almost die-hard group. They will command little confidence except on the right." The *Manchester Guardian* was the most crushing of any of the national newspapers, except for the *Herald*, which in matters of Tory Cabinets cannot, of course, be regarded as a wholly unbiased witness.

There was, however, no great solace for Mr. Macmillan to be found even in *The Times*, which by long habit takes the kindliest view it can of new Cabinets, commonly sending them on their way with an avuncular pat on the back as "promising." The avuncular tribute was not entirely withheld from Mr. Macmillan ("The team as a whole looks promising") but it was accompanied by a good many more grunts and minatory headshakes than are customary on such occasions. "The first of the question marks," it said, "is the load Mr. Butler is now to be asked to carry." And, then warming to the work: "The other question mark—which is a moderate term to use—is the continuation of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd as Foreign Secretary. We should have thought that the advantages of continuity would in this particular case have been outweighed by a number of disadvantages." Since Mr. Macmillan was as clearly committed as Mr. Lloyd to the Suez policy his retention might, *The Times* admitted, seem an act of justice. "But justice is not everything in politics and neither home opinion nor world opinion is likely to be happy at Mr. Macmillan's decision." Nor did it find much ground for satisfaction in some other of Mr. Macmillan's decisions. "Even though Mr. Sandys should be a much better Minister of Defence than Mr. Head, the fact that there have to be further changes where service offices are concerned is regrettable. Mr. Sandys will be the tenth holder of the Ministry in eleven years and the fifth in under two and a half. Lord Hailsham's tenure of the Admiralty can be counted in days. It is a pity, too, that a change had to be made in the office to which he succeeds . . . education needs more continuity of policy and longer term thinking than almost any other department."

The *Daily Telegraph*, which in the days preceding had not allowed even the normal courtesies attendant upon the illness of public figures to disguise its intense delight that Sir Anthony had been got rid of at last, and had been at no greater pains to disguise its satisfaction that Mr. Macmillan had dished Mr. Butler, naturally tried to take a brighter view. But it also showed some signs of whistling to keep its courage up. Letting candour have its head it remarked that one trouble previously "has been that not all Cabinet Ministers, not to speak of lesser Ministers, have really been acquainted with the arcana of policy for which constitutionally they have to accept responsibility." The new team, it remarked somewhat lukewarmly, should be thought of as a team "and be given a fair chance." But it made no bones about the surprise likely to be caused by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's retention and also, unlike most other newspapers, took a disapproving view of the introduction of Sir Percy Mills—"a reversion to the war-time practice of including outsiders." "That practice," it remarked, "was sometimes a success, sometimes not; and it is a pity that no outstanding politician has been found for a job that will certainly require parliamentary experience."

The *Express*, which now rather desperately declares itself at the top of its leader column as "Always Believing in Britain," was troubled by gloomy forebodings as to what this Cabinet might do to the Empire and found no cause for pleasure in the transfer of Mr. Thorneycroft to the Treasury and Sir David Eccles to the Board of Trade. "Where," it asked, "are the young men? Where are the fresh names?" One sixty-seven-year-old industrialist seemed to it a poor total of new minds and it warned "there will be widespread regret that Mr. Macmillan with an immense opportunity to take sweeping action has been content with so modest an innovation." The *News Chronicle*, too, found that "Mr. Macmillan has made unimaginative use of his opportunities," remarking sadly "All in all, this is not the new broom which even the Prime Minister's friends expected him to wield."

Only the *Mail* was encouraging ("A Team of Promise") and even its enthusiasm was muted. "Mr. Macmillan's government," it commented, "is, at first glance, interesting rather than exciting." After a journey through the departments, eyes alight for objects of praise, the closing paragraph of its leading article concluded on the same lines: "Altogether we should sum up the new government, as it has gone so far, as sound but not sensational." The City welcomed Mr. Macmillan's Cabinet with a sharp burst of buying on the Stock Exchange. Its special voice, the *Financial Times*, though cordial was more cautious. It welcomed Mr. Thorneycroft to the Treasury but regretted that neither Mr. Macleod nor Mr. Heathcoat Amory has gone up in the world. What had happened to Mr. Butler it found in the light of past experience "discouraging," unless "his strange occupation of the Home Office is really intended to keep it open for Mr. Selwyn Lloyd in a few months' time." Neither the *Mirror* nor the *Sketch* expressed any opinion. Apparently both of them came to the conclusion that there was nothing in any of all this to excite their readers.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Man in the Ante-room

Too much can be made of the fact that the Queen consulted only Lord Salisbury and Sir Winston Churchill before choosing her next Prime Minister. (They were, after all, the only two Conservative statesmen who, however sorely tempted, could not decently recommend themselves.) Nevertheless, the picture of Lord Salisbury hovering over his young monarch, wherever she might be, has proved too much for most of us; and there is, of course, some truth in it. Lord Salisbury may not yet have added the leadership of the Conservative Party to the seven livings of the Church of England which are in his gift; but one can be quite sure that, whatever the role he played last week, he is already looking far beyond the ultimate fate of Mr. Macmillan.

It is less than two years since the mother of Lord Salisbury died at the age of 87. She was not as formidable an old lady as the first Marchioness, Amelia, who continued to hunt when she was over 80, strapped to her horse; nor as dominating as the third Marchioness, the wife of Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, who imbued her children with a sense of purpose so strong that it has emerged as the most noticeable strain in the complex character of her grandson. But she was a woman, as her friends testify, of vivid nature and transcendent charm who, while she still held sway at Hatfield amid the encroaching suburbanisation, exerted an immense influence on her guests. They were the pillars of the English Establishment, and it was part of her social gift that she was able to induce them to take part in intellectual capers after dinner. On one such occasion Mr. Baldwin and Archbishop Lang were persuaded to assume the characters of two famous historical persons and talk to each other until the company guessed who they were. Archbishop Lang elected to be Charles I; Mr. Baldwin to be Charles II. "Your Majesty," said the Archbishop, "led a very lax life." (This, presumably, was about the time of the Abdication.) "But at least, your Majesty," replied Mr. Baldwin, "I never lost my head." Lady Salisbury enjoyed the joke so much that both her own and her guests' evening was made.

She could, of course, afford to laugh. In 400 years the Cecils have never lost their heads. The columns which they occupy in Burke are among the least painful to read in the whole volume. Even today when, with the passing of the power of the Stanleys, the last of the great territorial influences in the Conservative Party has vanished, there is still a Cecil working away in the anterooms of power. Less in public debate than by personal influence, less from the floor of the House of Lords than through the Association of Independent Unionist Peers, the opinions of Robert Arthur James Gascoyne-Cecil carry an authority which, especially at a moment of crisis, can prove irresistible.

What are the qualities upon which his personal authority rests, for he owes less than might be superficially imagined to his hereditary position or wealth? He is seen at his best at a dinner of the Association of Independent Unionist Peers, a body of some 200 back-bench Conservatives rather comparable to the 1922 Committee. In the spring of 1952 he addressed such a dinner. In the chair was Lord Hawke, the son of the cricketer, and round the tables were the holders of dimly remembered titles, most of whom would have little chance of remaining members of a reformed Upper House. Yet it was for just such a reform, which would exclude most of his hosts, that he asked for support.

He rose, stooping as usual, simply dressed as usual, utterly unpretentious. But every inch a Cecil. The familiar high, sibilant voice gave an edge even to his courtesies; the thick lower lip curled round his first amiable but sardonic reproof; and then, with the nervous fluency which is even more noticeable in his brother, Lord David Cecil, he embarked on his calculated essay in genetics. No one knew better than those whom he was addressing the importance of breeding; neither they nor he would think of buying a bull or a racehorse without studying its pedigree; the country, if it were wise, would be content to choose its Upper House on the same principles. But times had changed. What mattered was that the importance of heredity should still be recognised, that the hereditary element should still be retained even at the cost of sacrificing part of its strength. It was to this that he bid their support. With that he departed, alone through the ante-room, alone through the corridors of the House of Lords, but with his authority established.

His command over the Conservative majority in the House of Lords is remarkable. As someone has said, he seems to have the flair of Mr. Herbert Morrison but with the advantage of four centuries' start. During the lifetime of the Labour government he never faltered and the back-bench Conservatives never hesitated to follow. Until 1949 he held them back, allowing them to amend but not to obstruct. No other leader could have prevented them from the folly of challenging the Labour government when it was at the height of its power. Only with the introduction of the Iron and Steel Bill did he at last use his power, compelling from Labour the tacit admission that its mandate to nationalise was insecure.

He assumes authority with a naturalness which many of his colleagues must envy. During the war he was readier than most to voice his disagreement in Cabinet, unaffected by the prestige of the Prime Minister. (Who was the Prime Minister, anyhow, but the son of Lord Randolph Churchill, whom his grandfather had taken up, dressed down and finally dropped?) Alone among Conservative leaders, he publicly opposed the Labour government's recognition of Communist China without any *quid pro quo*, and since the return of the Conservative government in 1951, his influence has been felt, if not seen,

in almost every act of foreign, Commonwealth or colonial policy.

Lord Salisbury, then, believes that he was born to exercise authority. But this belief owes less to any assumption of hereditary right than to an upbringing which instilled in him a high sense of personal duty. One of the most remarkable features of the Hatfield in which he grew up was that children's views on politics, theology and social questions were listened to. It was assumed that these matters were the concern of everyone, and that as long as either child or adult had studied the facts it was his duty to form an independent judgment and expound it. Apart from certain simple precepts, such as courtesy to women, servants and tenants, and politeness to guests, life at Hatfield was singularly free. Untidiness and unpunctuality (still noticeable in Lord Salisbury) were thought to be natural. Later in life, at a school speech day, he told the boys that "those of the older generation rammed the team spirit rather too violently down the throats of the younger generation." This highly developed sense of the value of individual judgment is at the root of his sense of vocation.

He believes that those who enter politics have a duty to provide leadership. Democracy gives the people the right to reject it, but unless and until they do so the politician's duty is to hold inflexibly to what seems to him to be right. At a time when the external pressures at Westminster are more powerful than ever before, this example is not to be underestimated. No party can hope to negotiate the shoals of political decision unless it has at least one leader who is capable of acting in response to some deep inner conviction, who can draw on a reserve of confidence which will not be too easily drained. Lord Salisbury has both in such measure that he is today the best prime minister the Conservatives cannot have.

He is, of course, a Tory ("we all like living organisms"), instinctively opposed to innovation or change. But he is not a Conservative in the line of Peel or Mr. Butler, nor a romantic Tory like Disraeli or Sir Winston Churchill. He is, like his grandfather and his father, a High Anglican Tory, profoundly sceptical of all ideas of political progress, profoundly concerned to buttress the few remaining escarpments which prevent us from being overwhelmed. If, in this precarious but divinely ordained order, the Cecils happen to hold a prominent position, that is just one of the accidents of fortune—which a good empiricist like himself must reluctantly accept.

In foreign affairs, he is most of all anxious that Britain should play a genuinely independent role. What he understands this to mean is less obvious. He has in the past been an advocate of close Anglo-American unity, and it may have been the breach in relations between the two countries which caused him (like Mr. Macmillan) to withdraw his earlier support for the action in Suez. He has little sympathy for the nationalist movements in Asia, or the Middle East or Africa, and he can be at times brutally cynical, as when he opposed the banishment of Tshekedi Khama, quoting the Charters of Henry III to support his case, but, back in office, defended the banishment of Seretse Khama without turning a hair.

Yet there is principle there. When he resigned with Sir Anthony Eden in 1938, he proceeded six months later to develop a far more impassioned attack than Eden on Munich. "It has been described as peace with honour. Where is honour? I have looked and looked and cannot see it"; and, even more pertinently, "It would have been better at the start not to have intervened in the Czech crisis since we did not intend war." (Have these last words ever recurred to him during the past few months?) There is good reason for believing that, if he ever acquired a predominant influence in a Conservative government, its foreign policy would have a steadiness which it now lacks.

But would it? Is not Lord Salisbury's dilemma the dilemma of the Conservative Party? Have the recent calamities not proved that the Conservative Party is in the same condition as the Labour Party appeared to be six or seven years ago, groping for a foreign policy which grows of its own convictions and its own principles? In what does Britain's independent role consist? The Labour Party found it hard enough to answer that question when it was in office, and may not have found the answer yet. The Conservative Party, embalmed in traditional conceptions of power, with imperial pints of formaldehyde flowing in its veins, has a far more difficult task.

On Lord Salisbury more than anyone else in the Conservative Party depends its chance of succeeding in that task. He has never been strong. He was invalided home from the front in 1915, and since then has suffered from frequent illnesses. But he has a wiry suppleness and, although 63 years old, few people doubt that he still has his most important part to play. If, as he is said to assume, the present leadership, including Mr. Macmillan, has committed itself too far ever fully to recover, the time will come at last when from the ante-room, with the communicating doors open to the seat of power, his influence will be paramount. *Sero sed serio*—Late but in earnest—is the Cecil motto. The only doubt is whether it is not already too late.

A Look Back at Mr. Osborne

At last the text of *Look Back in Anger** has been published and we can re-live the excitement of that May evening at the Royal Court Theatre. Dramatic reputations fade all too easily. As Gide says, the creative lives of actors are like those snowmen that Michaelangelo sculpted all one winter for Pope Julius; their fame lives on only in yellowed press cuttings and the partial myth-making memories of the old. Yet in each generation there is always a play, *the* play, that transcends oblivion. It is not necessarily great literature, though it can be that too, but it is the play that captures the imagination of the young because it hints at a new world stirring beneath the moss of conformity and the preening assumptions of that thin-lipped Universal Aunt, the Bitch Goddess of Things-As-They-Are.

Our elders and betters in the stalls, the boxes and the dress circles of the Royal Court and Lyric, Hammersmith, boiled with indignation from May to November last. That poor besotted gal—colonel's daughter too—passively allowing that young lout to trample all over her! And her girl friend, Helena—sexy little piece, though presumably from a decent home, on the stage, of course . . . and that feller Cliff who helped him run the sweet-stall (sweet-stall!) . . . quite a decent chap really, one of nature's gentlemen, still—what a set! What a crew! But to the spectators in the pit, the gallery and at the standing rail, the evening cried "Cut the cables!" The psychological cables, of course. No need to climb north faces, fight the next Spanish War, refute the *Tractatus*, smoke opium in Saigon or join the Foreign Legion. All that was got over with in the Thirties and Forties (any vital experimenting with life still left to be done will be conducted by Mr. Graham Greene, single-handed). As Jimmy Porter says, "There aren't any good, brave causes left. If the big bang does come, and we all get killed off, it won't be in aid of the old-fashioned grand design. It'll just be for the Brave New-nothing-very-much-thank-you. . . . No, there's nothing left for it, me boy, but to let yourself be butchered by the women." All that the angry young man of 1957 need do is to weigh anchor from scruples. Or, to paraphrase Kafka, remain in your bed-sitter—with intransigence. "The world will freely offer itself to you to be unmasked. It has no choice. It will roll itself in ecstasy at your feet."

It has been Mr. Osborne's privilege and good fortune to write the play of his generation. None of us will ever forget his attic in the Midlands, with Alison at the ironing-board and the church-bells sounding all too clearly on the dank air outside. Alison and Jimmy and Cliff have already become the dramatic archetypes of the welfare state Bohemia; they have the warm, static intimacy of the characters in *Trilby* or *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. Their creator has staged a tableau that evokes (and in evoking, has helped to shape) our latest Anglo-Saxon attitude—the intellectual lower middle-class James Dean, the rebel with a high I.Q. and no cause. Mr. Amis's Jim Dixon has slain his thousands, but I predict Mr. Osborne's Jimmy Porter will yet play David to his Saul. For every breakfast-table in Britain where the Lucky Jim of the family is even now baring his upper teeth to make his Harold Macmillan face at the sausages, ten Unlucky Jimmies are pushing their bowls of Shredded Wheat away untasted. Any clever fool with a pair of jeans, a fisherman's jersey, an adoring wife and a couple of Sunday newspapers can play *Hamlet*. To play Jim Dixon, that four-square odd man out, requires a great deal more manipulation of the personality. The first is a self-lacerating pose, the second is a systematic, outrageous and enviable strategy of behaviour.

Jimmy Porter carries no message for his generation. Good theatre is not made out of propaganda and you can no more turn a play into a statement of faith than you can make four walls and three acts out of *J'Accuse* or the *Communist Manifesto*. Mr. Noel Coward has written of *The Vortex*—a play that meant as much for the youth of 1923 as *Look Back* does for those of today—that "my original motive . . . was to write a good play with a whacking good part in it for myself, and I am thankful to say, with a few modest reservations, that I succeeded." Mr. Osborne's motive, if I read him right, was to write a good play with a whacking good part for Mr. Kenneth Haigh, and we must all agree that he succeeded magnificently. *Look Back in Anger* is not only far and away the most exciting play of 1956; it contains the best "literary" dialogue spoken in the English theatre for a quarter of a century. The very literary qualities of the play tend, in fact, to make us overlook the amount of solid and audacious stagecraft that keeps the pace going so well, e.g., the beginning of Act III with Helena, now the woman in possession, at the ironing-board, wearing Jimmy's old shirt. This has the same surprise quality as the famous first scene of Henri Becque's *La Parisienne*—the man and woman struggling for the key of the bureau (jealous husband? guilty wife?), then the footstep outside and he whispered, "*tais-toi, c'est mon mari!*"

Each of us, after reading the play in book form, will have his own reservations. First of all, Jimmy himself. Personally, I don't find his character in the least implausible. This is simply because

* *Look Back in Anger*. By John Osborne. *Faber*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

I have known the very image of Jimmy Porter in real life and felt for him a warm though regulated loathing. (He is now happily out of the country and I trust that I shall not meet him again, in this life as least, though he may well be waiting for me in some cold corner of Purgatory.) The rasping, jeering voice, the whining self-pity, the trigger-happy flair for scenes and upsets, the urge to self-destruction, the hatred of regular employment, the ability to use the world's woes, Hungary, Suez, South Africa, as a crutch for one's own ego—Jimmy Porter and my acquaintance have all these traits in common. Above all—and Mr. Osborne puts this point across very cleverly in the play, as well as writing it firmly into the stage directions—both have the emotional energy of the genuine neurotic. Such creatures possess a permanent self-replenishing reserve of tears and anger. They never let up, never have to stop to re-fuel. Explosion follows explosion, as if their lives were strung on one long thread of emotional gun-cotton. The only thing that worries me about Jimmy is the way in which Mr. Osborne means us to take him. Does he expect us to like or even admire his hero? I have a feeling that he does and the suspicion is deeply disturbing.

Fundamentally, *Look Back* is a play about class and this fact goes a long way to explain its popularity. Snobbery is the English pox, the great national disease from which we all suffer and in which we all take a more or less veiled but passionate interest. (If Jimmy was Alison's social equal the glamour of his mad situation would vanish completely.) I think that it is just here that Mr. Osborne becomes really implausible. Take Alison's father, Colonel Redfern, for example. At one level he seems a normally decent retired Army officer with a villa in Bournemouth or a flat in South Ken., after a lifetime with the Sherwood Foresters. Yet he speaks of India with the nostalgia of a gilded A.D.C. *consule* Curzon. Delusions of grandeur there all right. And what about Mummy? She may be an old trout, but even old trouts seldom go so far as to put private detectives on to an ineligible young man because he wears his hair long and has the wrong accent. Explaining her marriage to Jimmy, Alison tells Helena how he and his friend Hugh Tanner plundered "those sections of society that they had declared war on."

> ALISON: . . . A brilliant campaign. They started inviting themselves—through me—to people's houses, friends of Nigel's and mine, friends of Daddy's, oh everyone: the Arksdens, the Tarnatts, the Wains—
>
> HELENA: Not the Wains?
>
> ALISON: Just about everyone I'd ever known. Your people must have been among the few we missed out. It was just enemy territory to them, and, as I say, they used me as a hostage. We'd set out from headquarters in Poplar, and carry out our raids on the enemy in W.1, S.W.1, S.W.3 and W.8. In my name, we'd gatecrash everywhere—cocktails, week-ends, even a couple of houseparties. I used to hope that one day, somebody would have the guts to slam the door in our faces, but they didn't. They were too well-bred, and probably sorry for me as well. Hugh and Jimmy despised them for it. So we went on plundering them, wolfing their food and drinks, and smoking their cigars like ruffians. Oh, they enjoyed themselves.

I find this incredible and quite out of keeping with Jimmy's character. He is a love-eater, an emotional tarantula. He never kills outside his own web. I can't help thinking that in this passage Mr. Osborne is unconsciously plagiarising. The incident bears an odd resemblance to the capers which Mr. Philip Toynbee and his posh Communist friends used to cut in the Thirties, though we can be sure that Jimmy Porter would never have been so light-hearted as to pinch all those toppers from Eton.

In a sense the central situation between Jimmy and Alison stems from that textbook of love and anger, the marriage of D. H. and Frieda Lawrence. Though Jimmy Porter would blow his brains out rather than use his wife's coroneted notepaper, this is only because he is a rigorist, a redbrick pharisee born in the purple of discontent and boredom. Yet his attitude to Alison is strangely Lawrencian. "Why, oh why, did we quarrel so much?" cried Lawrence. "Such as we were, violent creatures," answered Frieda, "how could we help it?" But unlike Frieda, Alison never fights back and the lack of tension as a result of this is the one serious criticism that can be levelled against the play. As for the lovemaking, the squirrel-and-bear fantasy that so many of Mr. Osborne's admirers admit to finding nauseous and "shaming," I think that here he is bang on the target. It may indeed be shaming to play squirrels and bears in or out of bed, but it is the kind of game that a great many people in love do play and I think Mr. Osborne was right to substitute his slice of real fantasy life for the usual synthetic sex that obtains in the West End theatre. "Bears and squirrels seem to have gone their own ways now," says Alison sadly at the start of the play, sounding the keynote of all the poignancy that is to follow. "There are cruel steel traps," Jimmy warns her, "lying about everywhere, just waiting for rather small, slightly satanic and very timid little animals." It is his one moment of tenderness and understanding—I discount the weeping and gnashing of teeth at the deathbed of that old sibyl of the proletariat, Mrs. Tanner. Here, for a split second at the very end of the play, Mr. Osborne twitches the mask of egoism off the face of his ghastly hero. It is a gesture of optimism—an optimism that those who have had anything to do with the Jimmy Porters of this world will, alas, be unable to share.

JOHN RAYMOND

Running Out of Rock

EVERY month there seem to be several hundred more of them, these rock-climbing hordes who stream into North Wales and the Lake District at week-ends, and no longer only from the northern and midland cities. Gallant busloads now regularly leave London after work on Friday night, sleep on the road, climb all Saturday, camp, hostel or find some cranny near Capel (I am told of a cave and a church-porch being used), climb again all Sunday, sleep again in the bus on Sunday night and back to work on Monday morning. You have to be young and strong and love climbing very much to endure all that discomfort for it, but the buses are always full.

The wear and tear on the holds of popular climbs is terrific, and one must be thankful that the rubber-soled boot has superseded nails in time to save them from being utterly worn away. And another consequence is queues at the week-end under all the classic crags. There simply is not enough rock to go round.

The opening up of new climbing grounds which the pioneers did in a spirit of adventure is now a matter of necessity. Small crags that went unnoticed for years have come into prominence, many of them low-lying to avoid wasting precious week-end time in long walks. They rise disconcertingly out of mossy woods, instead of properly out of clean moor and scree, and give a fine view on to the road and the kitchens of the hotel.

Climbers resident in the main centres desert them at week-ends to escape the crowds; John Disley, instructing at Capel Curig, has discovered "Olympic Slab" down on the sea-cliffs at Tre-

A career
and how to choose it

On weekdays between January 21 and March 4, thirty-one famous industries and business firms will be making a series of careers announcements in the Manchester Guardian. They will each take a whole page to describe in full the careers and prospects they offer those about to earn a living. This annual feature covers every section of industry and includes openings for both the scientist and the arts student.

In addition, the 'classified' section of the Manchester Guardian presents a generous range of career opportunities all the year round. And, of course, its editorial columns are read for their sense and sincerity at all times. Spare copies of the Manchester Guardian are apt to vanish with speed—why not place a regular order with your newsagent?

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

madoc. There is a cult of sea-cliffs, rapidly spreading. The splendid red granite of the Cornish ones was, of course, known to Mallory. The Climbers' Club now has a hut there, open to both sexes, and I know of several Lakeland families who use it for their holidays.

But what everybody yearns for is the easily accessible crag, on which to spend the half-day or the long summer evening. Devon has the Dartmoor tors, on which naval and commando parties have done a lot of exploration. Bristol has the Avon Gorge, quarried rock with scarcely any incut holds, and the Cheddar Gorge, a natural cliff with climbs of over 300 feet. Both these are limestone, on which it was considered suicidal to climb in my young days, but the new generation pronounces it as good as much rock in Wales and better than a lot taken for granted in the Alps.

London is particularly poorly placed, with nothing much except the odiously hard little sandstone outcrop of Harrison Rocks, near Tunbridge Wells, where the expert on granite or gabbro is likely to find himself frustrated, while the *habitués* float up vertical faces on which they know every hold by heart. The dearth of alternative has driven some Home Counties climbers to desperate extremes: The Atomic Climbing Club (yes, that was another thing that had to happen—its stronghold is the Atomic Energy Authority's Aldermaston establishment but it also has a membership at Harwell) advertised in a Berkshire paper for any farmer or landowner willing to lend it a precipice, outcrop or quarry. It got no replies.

The Midlands and north are far better off, of course, with their many gritstone "edges," so exacting to the technique, but even there research continues. The most repaying method is to quarter the local 2½-inch Ordnance Map and visit every spot where it indicates crags. Usually they turn out to be broken stuff or scree, but one may light on treasure. One club recently found a pinnacle, a genuine pinnacle nearly thirty feet high, blushing unseen in a hillside suburb. Three routes were put up on it immediately, and on the next half-day the club returned to work out more, only to find their private pinnacle in the possession of a rival club to whom the news had spread....

Where will it all end? Plainly, in the artificial crag. This has been a climbing bar fantasy for years, and we have amused ourselves with picturing the concrete precipice, designed by a joint committee of the Fell and Rock and Climbers' Clubs and embodying the most sensational moves of a dozen classic routes. My guess is that in ten years' time the joke will have become reality—after all, quarry-climbing has got us half-way there already. All we need now is a club with sufficient funds in the kitty, or a sufficiently rock-besotted millionaire—and judging by the Bentleys one sees on the Llanberis Pass there are several of them about. In Xanadu will Kubla Khan a stately pleasure-cliff decree.

ELIZABETH COXHEAD

The Arts and Entertainment

Ghostly Music

MISS MOBERLY and Miss Jourdain, the two Oxford ladies who believed that in 1901 they had somehow stepped backwards through time and seen a vision of Marie Antoinette and other eighteenth-century persons in the gardens of Versailles, have by now been sadly discredited. After reading Mrs. Iremonger's book, *The Ghosts of Versailles*, reviewed in last week's issue by Dr. Letitia Fairfield, few rational people will be able to go on persuading themselves that the once plausible-seeming story called *An Adventure* is anything more than an interesting psychological curiosity. Yet there is one small point in which I think the ladies have been unjustly maligned: the musical references in their book are, in one respect, not quite so absurd as they are said to be.

Both ladies were musical. Miss Moberly, we are told, was a capable amateur conductor; Miss Jourdain was something of a pianist. During their original "adventure" of August 1901 no musical incident occurred, but when Miss Jourdain revisited the Petit Trianon alone some months later, she heard "faint music, as of a band not far off . . . It was playing very light music with a great deal of repetition in it. Both voices and music were diminished in tone, as in a phonograph, unnaturally. The pitch of the band was lower than usual." (The "voices", as the context makes clear, were talkers, not singers.) Some time later, Miss Jourdain specified that the sounds were those of a *stringed* band, and found that she could recall enough of the music to "write down from memory about twelve bars, in the key of A flat, but without all the inner harmonies." Unfortunately these twelve bars have never been published; they repose among the Moberly-Jourdain papers in the Bodleian.

During the years between their strange experiences and the first publication of their book, in 1911, both ladies carried on intermittent investigations. In the course of these Miss Jourdain consulted an anonymous "musical expert," and, following up a hint of his, undertook some haphazard and unscholarly research in the library of the Paris Conservatoire, as a result of which she decided that "the twelve bars represented the chief motives of the light opera of the eighteenth century", noting a particular likeness between two of "her" bars and a passage from Sacchini's *Oedipe à Colone* (1786: not surely, by the way, a very *light* opera?). The Sacchini passage was "in the key of A natural answering to that heard in 1902, allowing for the rise of a semitone, which had taken place since the eighteenth century."

Even if we allow that the odd locution "the chief motives of the light opera of the eighteenth century" is simply an amateur's way of saying "characteristic turns of phrase found in" such music, Miss Jourdain's account of her musical researches is certainly naive. Mrs. Iremonger quotes a heavy-handed but justifiably severe comment in the *Musical Times* of September, 1912, as well as a letter contributed to the following issue by Mr. Ernest Newman about what he calls "those wildly ludicrous pages dealing with the phantom music."

> What a sceptic would be inclined to say has happened is this [Mr. Newman wrote]: the ladies have been told that the musical pitch was lower in the eighteenth century than it is now. They therefore thought it would give verisimilitude to their narrative if they said they heard some music, and that it was in a lower pitch than ours. They evidently did not realise the absurdity of such a remark. I am told by a personal friend of one of the pseudonymous ladies that she is really musical. If so, no doubt she will be willing to try to explain away the central difficulty of her statement. If I know that a melody is written in A, but that it sounds, on a given instrument, as if it were in G or A flat, I can say at once that the pitch of the instrument is low. But no musician could listen to a piece of music he had never heard before without any knowledge of the key in which it was supposed to be written, and say that "the pitch was low." The thing is so grotesque, to musicians, that I apologize for stating it at such length.

It appears that neither of the ladies replied; but I venture to suggest that Mr. Newman has here picked on a feature in Miss Jourdain's account which is not at all grotesque, and that she might have made a perfectly valid reply to his strictures. Endowed with the not very rare faculty known as "absolute pitch," she heard some light music—something perhaps in the nature of a minuet or a gavotte—apparently played in the key of A flat. Now for technical reasons it is even today comparatively rare for string music to be written in the deeper flat keys, and in the eighteenth century it was much rarer. There are scores of violin concertos in D, and perhaps only one—quite a modern one—in D flat. Would not anyone with a sense of pitch feel mildly surprised to hear an eighteenth-century minuet for strings in A flat, and frankly incredulous if it were in D flat or G flat? Frequent use of the gramophone has probably made us all more aware of such problems today than were the musicians of 1902 or 1912. Turntables frequently revolve too fast or too slow, thereby altering the pitch of the music; moreover, it is by no means uncommon for music to be *recorded* at a wrong speed, and hence to emerge at the wrong pitch on a correctly adjusted gramophone. To take an extreme case: a very brilliant eighteenth-century choral and orchestral movement, with trumpets and drums, could not possibly have been written in D flat, and if a gramophone were to make it sound at that pitch, we could be sure that something had gone wrong somewhere—unless (which is conceivable but unlikely) a scholarly attempt had been made by the performers to reproduce the ancient pitch. In practice, one often finds oneself guessing the "likely" key of some unfamiliar piece.

It may well be, as Mr. Newman suggested, that Miss Jourdain's remarks about the pitch of what she heard were indeed based on her subsequent discovery that between 1789 and 1902 pitch had risen by roughly a semitone; but that is only an uncharitable assumption. If, on the contrary, she was aware of this not very recondite fact at the time of the incident, it was more than merely sensible of her, it was downright clever, to have surmised that a piece of light music for strings sounding in the improbable key of A flat was far more likely to have been actually played (and composed) in A.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A True Realist

EVER since the invention of photography and the consequent reaction against representation in painting and sculpture, the photographer has been regarded by other artists, if not with scorn, at least with a certain condescension. Even the achievements of photographers like Nadar, Brady and Man Ray have done little to alter this attitude. This is understandable, since photography is the most commercial and casual of all art forms, and the one which we have grown to take most for granted on our days-to-day lives. The technique of photography, too, is more scientific and more easily mastered than that of painting. However, the photographs of Henri Cartier-Bresson, which are on view at the R.B.A. Gallery, force one to think again. Certainly there is no other exhibition in London at present so varied and original; it is both serious and highly entertaining.

Much has been written about the effect of photography on painting, but in the case of Cartier-Bresson it is painting that has influenced his photography. Enough of his early work has been included to show the strong Surrealist influence, and the *Quai St. Javel*, a photograph of a tramp asleep in a rubbish-heap, looks almost like a Dada *collage* by Schwitters. The *Banks of the Marne* is obviously intended as a reinterpretation of Seurat's *Baignade*; it has the same calm detachment, the same pure, frozen light, and, despite the fact that it is so obviously unposed, some of the same structural precision. Some of the beautiful photographs of Balinese dancers clearly derive from Gauguin, while a study of a Spanish village

reminds one of Cubist landscapes by Picasso. Cartier-Bresson's sensitivity to the work of other artists is seen, in a different way, in the portraits. These are mostly of painters and literary figures and each photograph captures something of the quality of the sitter's own work. Matisse is seen through a screen of white doves, or in his garden, gravely examining a single flower. Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir are lonely figures against desolate urban backgrounds. Chagall is caught laughing, wily and a little mad, Claudel strolling, cold and unmoved, past a great plumed hearse. Camus looks like *l'Etranger* himself.

Unlike most "artistic" photographers, Cartier-Bresson is not interested in trick effects. There are no studio pictures, no nudes seen through Venetian blinds, no drops of water magnified a hundred times. His technique, which is faultless, is that of a documentary cameraman, instinctive and perfectly straightforward, and at their least good his photographs look like stills from a documentary film. He is interested primarily in people (there is hardly a photograph in which a figure doesn't appear), and in national differences and patterns of life. He is fascinated by the typical rather than by the unusual, and has an unfailing eye for what is significant and the ability to seize at once the essential qualities of every subject. His view of life is detached, even cold. Poverty and suffering are recorded with the same intellectual interest as prosperity and happiness, because they help to create the picture of a particular society. There are very few pictures like that of the old Chinese father searching for his son among the last recruits of the Nationalist army, in which the subject is the tragic predicament of a particular individual. And only occasionally is a comment proffered, as in the satirical depiction of a German New Year's Eve. The technique varies with every country he deals with. The pictures of Holland are deliberately matter-of-fact, those of the desert muted, while the cold glare of Spanish light is accentuated. Only the series on England and America are disappointing. This is because Cartier-Bresson takes the conventional French view that the English are a nation of eccentrics, and that the upper class spend their time in fancy dress, while the lower classes are composed of Dickensian clowns. The pictures of America seem less original than the others in the exhibition because this is the sort of bleak statement which the Americans have made about themselves equally well, in the cinema and in literature. But whether he is dealing with an Indian funeral, two Irish tinkers or a factory in Russia, the photographs are almost always equally exciting visually. Not since the Braque exhibition at the Tate closed has there been such an enjoyable one-man show in London.

JOHN GOLDING

Will You Rock?

LIKE most critics I missed the impact of rock 'n' roll, and have wondered since whether, if I had seen the film, I should have spotted anything likely to send 'em into the aisles and tearing up seats. Films don't often do that. I wish they would. Boos, bravos, walk-outs, drowning applause, slow handclaps, even audible snores would be music to me. But no, nothing. The cartoon gets hardly a snicker. The screen lovers kiss; those in the stalls chew. Fights do evoke an occasional grunt, and shootings a sigh—presumably of pleasure. Laughter is the one certain response: tickle the dog under the ribs and he can't help scratching. This is the triumph of the lulled response; and shocking to anyone who grew up with Chaplin comedies and the Wild West, *Intolerance*, the non-stop pianist, and Paris students calling for *encores* of sequences in Mosjoukine films, and getting them. The noisier and bigger the screen, the tamer the audience. Then out of noise and indifference came this not very new, not very good band with its "off-key hoggings," and there were wild scenes.

A second instalment, *Don't Knock the Rock*, took me to the Astoria on Monday morning. A gramophone record warmed us. We, I may say—downstairs—were seven. The film started with Allan Dale, eyes half-closed and working up to a writhe of silk suiting, in a boredom-and-sex lyric addressed to teenage girls. They squealed, soon afterwards depriving him of the suiting. Then a butcher with a kiss-curl egged on the boys to pluck a tune, while four show-girls hipped it: this was Bill Haley and his Comets. Other bands took over; and kissing on the beach was dovetailed with little homilies about parents bringing up children wrong and putting the blame on rock 'n' roll. All healthy fun, till a teenage blonde smeared the movement by sprinkling whisky. Some of the sessions were quite lively, and if the jazz was slick rather than exciting, I liked Little Richard, a diminutive South Sea Islander in tweeds who stood to finger the piano and made play with eyes and a grating voice that could leap into a soft yell. Will he blaze a new trail of destruction, and get banned in Cheltenham? It was during his act that the large middle-aged woman three rows ahead of me let out an angry "Sssh!" to a couple of women talking somewhere behind, whatever this may indicate.

George Hoellering's *Hortobagy*, at the Academy, brings back an old charmer which first came to London during the war. It presents a day in the life of the old Magyars with their scythe-horned cattle, fleecy pigs, and droves of horses, which they take to a neighbouring fair—the sort of day that has been theirs for a thousand years. Only the machine boring for oil and the boy's bicycle make a thrust at this stubborn but dying tradition. (Flaherty took more than a hint for his *Louisiana Story*.) The landscape is beautifully and dramatically evoked in movement; and no one who has seen this film will forget its horses, plunging, tangle-maned and round-eyed, stooping to drink at a long trough, sedulously attending a new-born foal, which we have seen struggle out of its tacky cellophane. The human figures and their thread of anecdote are more stiffly inserted; but this is a film made with passion, and its record of a life vanished away will endure.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

. . . and the Next Question

DESPITE the automatic dwindling of sound-radio audiences, there are a few sound programmes which retain a remarkably high rating. *Any Questions?* for instance—whose 300th edition will be presented at 8.15 tonight (Friday) on the Light Programme—still has, with its repeat, 8 million listeners; some of these must surely have television sets as well, yet they still prefer *Any Questions?* to such more obviously popular entertainment as *Up for the Cup* (a TV quiz for football supporters' clubs) and, on the commercial channel, *Dragnet*.

A comparable television programme, the BBC's *Brains Trust*, attracts one-third as many viewers as *Any Questions?* has listeners (the actual average for the last six weeks is about 2,632,000), though Sunday afternoon at 3.30 might seem a good time for a middlebrow semi-reflective conversazione. Its potential viewing public is much higher than this: more than 8½ million people watch *Panorama*, and *Free Speech*, an hour earlier on Sunday, has 2¼ million viewers (a remarkable figure when it is realised that ITV still has only 8 million-odd total viewers in comparison with the BBC's 17 million). *The Brains Trust*, however, usually suffers from a certain lady-like flaccidity—though last Sunday's edition with Malcolm Muggeridge in the chair and an exceptionally brilliant and well-varied team (Miss Rebecca West, Dr. Huxley, Professor Ayer, Mr. Alan Bullock), was the best I have seen for some time. I was glad that Dr. Huxley obstinately refused, as a serious biologist, a fatuous invitation to redesign the human body. But the celebrated

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epigram on treason (" *Treason doth never prosper . . .*") seemed to catch some of the team off-balance: even the articulate Miss West floundered despairingly in the shallows of a subject that she has, after all, made professionally her own.

It is no doubt because *Any Questions?* has none of the faults of *The Brains Trust*—it is brisk, confident, virile, and smooth—that it has held so loyal an audience. Tonight's tercentenarians (all four " regulars " and therefore, with both Mr. Wightman and Mr. Street in the team, not really so well-balanced as usual) will be drinking a gay toast to their notable achievement. Nevertheless, the spectre of the small screen will be flickering balefully in a corner of the cosy dining-room at Bristol: *Any Questions?* still has 8 million followers—but it had 10 million in 1951. If it stays on sound alone, how many will it have in 1962?

The routine of this programme has become so familiar and so (deceptively) easy that those concerned with it may well shrink from the change to TV that will surely become inevitable, with the new techniques to be learned, the risk that the formula will, for some mysterious reason, not translate well into vision. Although there was a not altogether successful experimental TV *Any Questions?* some time ago, I think that these fears are unfounded; nor do I agree with those who argue that this programme would " gain nothing " by being seen as well as heard. Some kinds of programme will always be best suited to sound alone: concerts (which the TV producers are finding it more and more difficult to make visually interesting), or straight, lecture-type talks, or imaginative drama of the " fey " type. (Wouldn't *The Trollenberg Terror* have been almost as terrifying if we hadn't actually seen the tentacles of the Thing winding themselves about the throat of the screaming girl last Saturday night? Well, perhaps not. . . .) But audience-participation quiz programmes are admirably suited to TV: they give scope for two kinds of reaction-shot, with both of which such producers as Mr. John Irwin can have a lot of fun—the fellow-panellist reaction-shot (as in *Free Speech*) and the audience reaction-shot (as in *The 64,000 Question*).

It would also be a great positive gain for audiences to be able to see Mr. Freddy Grisewood, the nonpareil, indeed the indispensable, question-maestro: he alone has the knack of " summing-up " without becoming tedious or too obvious, and who but he could have said so lightly, so inoffensively and so truthfully, as he did at one point in last Friday's programme, that he had seldom heard such nonsense as the team had been talking?

So I hope that he and Mr. Michael Bowen and the other able sound-radio people in the BBC's Western Region will start soon to nerve themselves for the coming change. There is no hurry; but it will be agreeable to salute *Any Questions?* again when its audience, having sunk to five, to three, perhaps to two million, soars suddenly to ten or twenty.

TOM DRIBERG

MIND

A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy

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Correspondence

MIDDLE EAST STRATEGY

SIR,—I read with great interest your article on U.S. Middle East policy in the issue of January 5. However, it did not seem enough to say " Most of the functions of the Middle East land bases can now be discharged by the American 7th Fleet." The 7th Fleet has two aircraft carriers and two cruisers as its main components. Of these, one aircraft carrier is equipped for anti-submarine work and one cruiser is a guided missile ship and so would not be used as a " graduated deterrent " against conventional land forces. There is a reinforced marine battalion of 1,800 men attached, with adequate amphibious and landing craft. This force could be expanded very little as, like the rest of the fleet, it is completely dependent on a mobile floating service base. The fleet is under the Nato command and would have to be formally withdrawn from this before it could be used in operations confined to areas beyond the Mediterranean and Turkey. Even in the event of this being done the fleet could still play little practical part in land wars between, say, Syria and Iraq or the Arab states and Israel.

Traditionalist military and civilian circles in this country still discuss the defence of the Middle East in 1939-45, or occasionally, as in the strategic value attributed to Cyprus, in 1190 terms. It is argued that we desperately need a major base capable of sustaining an army as did the Suez and Persian Gulf bases in days of yore. The Socialist case against all this at a strategic level is based quite simply on four assertions. First, a general war will be fought with thermo-nuclear or at least atomic-fission weapons to which easily located and completely isolated bases are uniquely vulnerable. Also, adequate Anglo-U.S. strategic potential already exists in numerous air-bases from Spain to the Maldives. Thirdly, increasing radii of action will soon make it irrelevant whether your bomber fields absolutely encircle the Soviet Union or not. Additionally, there is the purely political argument that such airfields, by lending support to the " capitalist encirclement " theory, strengthen the hand of residual Stalinist groups in the Kremlin. Lastly, even if the above arguments fell the solution would be complete abdication from responsibility in the area. No Arab state is going to let us increase our occupied military installations by as much as a slit-trench.

Nevertheless, the fact does remain that no base exists in the Middle East from which the U.K., the U.S., or the U.N. could maintain as much as one division in the field in answer to appeals for assistance. Cyprus is acknowledged by the experts (e.g., General Auchinleck) to be quite useless even apart from its political limitations. The only Mediterranean base that might be used, and that only to divisional strength, is Haifa.

Thus the Labour case for a clear defensive alliance with Israel gains fresh justification. One would not expect Israel to welcome a permanent foreign garrison on her soil but there could well be a precise agreement about its introduction in time of emergency. Through what is left of the Baghdad Pact a similar understanding might be arrived at with Iraq about Basra.

As a corollary, the need to develop a strategic reserve is increased. Neither Britain nor the U.S.A. possesses anything remotely resembling such a body at the moment. It is essential to release some of the forces in Germany to act as a fire-brigade stationed in the Mediterranean area. This could be done and still leave a large margin for a reduction of ground forces within the context of the Nato " trip-wire " theory for the defence of Western Europe.

NEVILLE BROWN

Watlington, Oxon.

LUCKY JIM'S POLITICS

SIR,—In the course of instructing Mr. Kingsley Amis how to " conduct his arguments in a logical and consequential manner " Mr. Paul Johnson adds a stone or two to a mythological structure in course of speedy erection. Its twin pillars are the ideas that there is some analogy between Suez and the Spanish civil war, and that " the intellectual element " in Britain has been on this occasion (as it was not in relation to Spain) " united, militant and successful."

This analogy between Suez and Spain is surely untenable. It is, indeed, hardly possible to find any points of resemblance between the two situations. In the first Britain was directly involved, in the second it was not; the first was in several aspects highly farcical, the second almost purely tragic; and, most important of all, Spain had a symbolic meaning and value for intellectuals which does not exist, even as a possibility, in the Suez affair. In the sense that intellectuals idealised the Spanish situation (and, for instance, the role of the Communist Party) Mr. Amis is surely quite right in speaking of political romanticism.

There *is* a current analogy to Spain: the situation in Hungary. It is remarkable that Mr. Johnson does not realise it.

Whether the Suez affair was an " outrage " rather than a farcical blunder, and whether intellectuals were " inflamed " by it, is I suppose a matter of opinion. The nature and depth of feelings about Suez and Hungary seem to me totally different. But it is absurd to credit the " intellectual element " with a great victory. There is no evidence at all that the retreat from Suez was dictated by anything other then (i) the strong adverse American reaction and (ii) the division in the Tory party. The Labour Party's recriminations had no obvious effect upon events; and to say that " we won " where " Messrs. Auden, Spender and Co. lost " is really ludicrous.

All this does not (need I say?) imply support of the Eden Government's Suez adventure: but Mr. Johnson does himself and his cause no service by inventing a mythical victory for " the intellectuals " or by comparing Suez to Spain.

17 Shooters Hill Road, Blackheath, S.E.3. JULIAN SYMONS

SIR,—While I agree with your reviewer's denial of Mr. Amis's assertion that there is good reason for the intellectual of today to be a-political, I cannot share his belief in the call of the left.

To take the case of a " non-U " intellectual. What does Socialism offer to people like me, with a working-class background and an education culminating in four years at Oxford, paid for entirely by public funds?

In the first place, whether we go into industry or the professions, Labour offers us the continuation, with a possibility of severe increases, of the present system of penal taxation, which will prevent most of us from making any adequate return to our parents for six or seven years' sacrifice, or providing properly for our own old age, discourage us from marriage, and deprive us of any incentive to do more than the minimum of work or accept the minimum of risk and responsibility.

Those of us who at the beginning of our careers cannot buy ourselves houses will be compelled by the next Labour government to become council tenants. Not only that, but our taxes will be increased to pay

for the operation, and many of us who became architects, surveyors, etc., will be conscripted into the service of local authorities.

Perhaps worst of all, Labour is going to destroy the grammar schools, to which we owe in principle our ever having come near a university. I am not sure which I should hate more, universal educational conscription or seeing a decent humane education become what it never was, even before 1944, the totally exclusive preserve of the rich. But one of these things must follow from Labour's present education policy.

It is not only intellectuals who are scared by the prospect of this sort of thing: the queues of 400-odd that form by 8 a.m. every morning outside the Canadian Immigration Offices are composed of all sorts of people. But none of them are over 35.

They are, I suppose, the "non-romantics." To the more "romantic" amongst us, there is a cause we feel for as deeply as ever anyone felt about Spain or Hungary. We think ourselves lucky that we live in Britain now, and we are grateful for the opportunities that our country has given us in the welfare state. We believe these benefits can only spread over the world if Britain stays a powerful nation, and we resent both the attempts on her position by countries which have never done one fraction as much for themselves and others as has Britain, and the support our enemies get from British politicians and from countries which are, could they only see it, in the same position as ourselves. That is a "romantic" cause—it may even be a lost one. However, we can and will fight for it.

Perhaps I need not say I am a fairly active Conservative. I only mention it because some Socialists see in the existence of "non-U" Tories under an old Etonian Cabinet the seeds of an inevitable and destructive conflict. I am afraid they are mistaken. We are happy with our leaders because, even if it matters what school anyone went to, their being old Etonians does not seem to stop them having the same political aims as alumni of Slagbury Grammar. As for the future, time and the welfare state are on our side.

Finally, anticipating the inevitable charge of materialism, I plead, in George Lansbury's words, "guilty and proud of it." My values are those of most "non-U" people. It is because the "non-U" are applying those values sensibly that less and less of them are voting Labour, and it is because their sons in the universities are applying them that nowadays Lucky Jim and his pupils are as likely as not Conservatives.

31 Kippax Street, Manchester, 14. PETER WHITBY

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

SIR,—With fascination and varying amusement I have been reading for weeks the complex arguments to and fro on the Hungarian Revolution.

It is true that I was in Budapest during the second Russian attack and have lost that calm, detached onlooker's view that Mr. Mendelson implicitly prides himself on. That onlooker's view is no doubt superior. It enables one to assert such matters as Horthy uniforms and anti-Semitism without support of documentation. Or perhaps these facts have been confirmed? In *Nep Szabadsag*, or on the Hungarian radio?

But I should still like to put one little point that so far no one seems to have considered. It is said that the Hungarian revolutionaries in their madness wished for a right-wing government. As far as I am able to judge from my own personal experience, this is not quite true. They did not have much time to think things over, it is true, but in that short time they seemed to be decided that they did not want to go back to the past, either the immediate past or the more distant one. The real point is, however, this. If they want a right-wing government, why should they not have one?

France, Italy, England, West Germany, Switzerland and Austria all have right-wing governments of the kind the Hungarians may well dream of with longing. They are not perfect. But, given a choice between comparable countries, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Austria, there cannot be much doubt where one would be materially and spiritually best off as a worker, a student, a professional man or an artist.

Yugoslavia is better off than Hungary because there only Communism stands in the way of a more prosperous and free life. The difference between Yugoslavia and Hungary for an observer without fixed political beliefs is wonderfully clear. It is simply the Russians, who are there in Hungary and not there in Yugoslavia, mercifully for the Yugoslavs.

But in Austria, a country far from perfect, economically and politically, we are at once in another world. A much better world by any standard of common sense. Why shouldn't the Hungarians want to belong to our world? Mr. Mendelson should not allow political labels to confuse his mind. Our world is a better world, bad as it is, than the Russian-Marxist one, and if the word freedom means anything the Hungarians are entitled to belong to it if they want to.

Paul Clemenstrasse 1, Bonn. RACHEL TERRY

THE NEW MORALITY

SIR,—Is Miss Hawkes' new morality really so new? I seem to have come across ideas like hers stated elsewhere. In *The New Republic*, for example, satire of a kind is directed against them, and that takes us back to 1877, if no further. As Mallock's talent in that work lies in giving a presentable travesty of current attitudes, we may be certain that ideas such as those Miss Hawkes is putting forward were fairly common among certain Victorian theorists of evolution.

It is not, however, the archaic progressiveness of Miss Hawkes' article that I find unattractive. It is the bareness of content typical of forward-looking theories of human behaviour, from Bentham onwards. Surely, for example, it is not adequate to discuss divorce as though simplified divorce legislation represented a positive step forward in human relations? The only argument in favour of divorce is a negative one: namely, that it may prevent marriage from being regarded as a prison. It is not in itself valuable, and it merely offers opportunities for mutual improvement; it does not guarantee them. The tragedy of Jude and Sue Bridehead was not simply brought about by a narrow attitude to marriage on the part of Victorian society. The failure of their relationship is as vital to a reader now as it was to Hardy himself, and it would be impossible to see it as less significant, merely because they could now more easily conclude their admittedly unfortunate union. D. H. Lawrence has written more finely on marriage than anyone I have ever read (outside the Bible), and it is this that should be asserted as a value in a new society, not enlarged opportunities for its termination.

Miss Hawkes may feel that our difference is merely one of emphasis, but I think not. I may say to myself a thousand times that it is now possible for me to have "an infinite interplay of sensuous experiences"; but the hallelujah of scientific humanism is less inspiring than the old one. How am I to judge these experiences if I have them, what will make one of the more value than another? Simply to be told that I *can* have them does not strike me as useful information. And anyway, I do not know that I am convinced by the argument. I am a Socialist and wish to change the material environment in order to make men in their relations with one another less harmful, not better or different in some way at the suggestion of a bon-vivant rationalism. Are men likely to be better by living in a flat in a new town, drinking chianti and reading (shall we say) Graham Greene, than by living in a house in an old town, drinking brown ale and reading the *Daily Mirror*? The analogy is not so unfair to Miss Hawkes as it might seem. Her stress on the brain (the intelligence is a different thing) and on "mental qualities" makes her new morality a very mechanical affair. She asserts an enriched psychology but nowhere attempts to prove it, and in one or two of her paragraphs rhetoric takes the place of argument—a fact not to be ignored. What, for example, is the "magic that must gleam from the heart of all true art"? I do not think that anybody who really knew what they were trying to say, or who had truly felt what the paragraph seems to be suggesting, could possibly have put it quite like this. Human life, as something valuable in itself, can only be got at by experience and example, and is not, in my view, usefully accessible to the mode of investigation that Miss Hawkes has chosen to adopt. There can be no adequate scientific account of human nature and of personal relations, particularly when that account has purple for local colour. It would be better, I feel, if Miss Hawkes were to leave human nature to the care of the artists and novelists to whom she is prepared to give so high a place and to accept their conclusions—conclusions which might not, one trusts, coincide with her own. W. I. CARR

Pembroke College, Cambridge.

SIR,—"It is not the fact," says Sir Henry Slesser, "that Catholicism 'discourages thought' or 'seeks the safe Harbour of Faith'."

Here is Article XXVI of the 1953 Concordat between the Holy See and Spain, in the English translation published by the Diplomatic Information Office in Madrid:

> In all educational institutions of whatever kind or grade, and whether or not belonging to the State, the teaching shall conform to the principles of Dogma and Morals of the Catholic Church.
>
> The Ordinaries shall freely exercise their mission of supervising the said educational establishments in matters concerning the purity of the faith, morals and religious education.
>
> The Ordinaries may demand the banning or withdrawal of books, publications, and teaching material opposed to Catholic Dogma and Morals.

Hope House, Bucksburn, Aberdeenshire. REX KNIGHT

SIR,—Many of your readers, I do not doubt, will have read with the greatest interest and appreciation, as I have, the article by Jacquetta Hawkes under the above title in your issue of January 5. How many

universities and left review

first issue (early february) includes :

Isaac Deutscher	Destalinisation—How far can it go ?
Claude Bourdet	French intellectuals and the French Left.
Lindsay Anderson	Commitment in Criticism—The Cinema.
Peter da Francia	Commitment in Criticism—Art.
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Joan Robinson	Full Employment and After.
G. D. H. Cole	What is happening to Capitalism ?
Brian Manning	The Teaching of History in British Universities.
Gabriel Pearson	Dickens and the reading public.
John Mackintosh	Graduate misemployment.
Charles Taylor	The Oxford Scholasticism—Oxford Philosophy.

These are twelve of the twenty articles on Socialist theory, the Universities and the Arts in the first issue.

The journal can be obtained by sending an annual subscription (for three issues) of 7 - to R. F. Prince, Business Manager, Universities and Left Review, Magdalen College, Oxford.

of them are aware, I wonder, of the extent to which it is incumbent on the education authorities of the country, under the existing Education Act, to contribute to the aims so feelingly envisaged and persuasively stated by Miss Hawkes—briefly summarised as "Opportunity for a life-long continuance of true education"?

Section 41 of the Education Act, 1944, runs as follows:—

FURTHER EDUCATION

41. Subject as hereinafter provided, it shall be the duty of every local education authority to secure the provision for their area of adequate facilities for further education, that is to say:—
(a) full-time or part-time education for persons over compulsory school age; and
(b) leisure-time occupation, in such organised cultural training and recreative activities as are suited to their requirements, for any persons over compulsory school age who are able and willing to profit by the facilities provided for that purpose:
Provided that the provisions of this section shall not empower or require local education authorities to secure the provision of facilities for further education otherwise than in accordance with schemes of further education or at county colleges."

In my own area the local authority's published Scheme of Further Education offers no bar to a wide development of the type of cultural and recreative purpose envisaged in 41 (b) above, and I understand that the position is much the same in the rest of the country.

The machinery is in fact there for sowing fruitful seeds or contributing even more to the substantial growth of the aims envisaged by Miss Hawkes. How far is it used, and if not, why not? Expense, perhaps? As ratepayers and voters the remedy is in our own hands, or, since students' fees are normally charged, should we chafe at digging a little deeper into our individual pockets, if we have so fine a cause at heart? It is up to us.

Rose Leigh, Bunbury, Nr. Tarporley, Cheshire. ALFRED SMITH

DOCTORS' SALARIES

SIR,—Your comment on the differential between the salaries of doctors and of physicists employed in hospitals is naturally of great interest to members of this Association. Nowadays the investigation and treatment of disease is often such a co-operative effort that it is exceedingly difficult to decide the relative values of the members of the team, and we freely admit our bias in thinking the present differential too high.

We would wish to correct the salaries you gave for physicists employed in hospitals. An honours graduate in the N.H.S. may expect a starting salary (in London) of £545 p.a., and may reasonably hope to reach a salary of £1,580 p.a. Higher salaries are paid in only about 6 per cent. of all posts.

However, if employed in the Scientific Civil Service the same man would start at £605 and would expect to reach £1,950 with 17 per cent. of posts at higher salaries. The effective differentials are increased by 6 or 7 per cent. by differences in the superannuation schemes. These differentials would seem to be far harder to justify than those between doctors and physicists.

It is not surprising that recruitment of physicists to the N.H.S. has been almost non-existent in recent months, and an increasing number of existing employees will seek economic advantage in the many other fields open to them.

Even in some groups for whom there are virtually no alternative posts outside the N.H.S. recruitment is poor owing to the low salaries paid by the N.H.S. It is much more likely that the hospital services will break down through a shortage of non-medical personnel than through a shortage of doctors.

A. QUINTON,
Honorary Secretary,
The Hospital Physicists' Association.

SIR,—To treat the medical profession as an homogenous body as you have in your article on its remuneration on January 5 is, I submit, misleading if not dishonest. Many, if not a majority, of doctors receive less than the arithmetic mean £2,222, and a significant group get no expenses instead of the £980 to which you refer.

It is clear that some new constructive thinking is required. Under the present system two groups are in a relatively poor financial position compared with the rest. First, G.P.s with sparsely populated country practices who spend a large amount of time in non-productive travelling. The mileage allowance does not compensate for the additional car wear and petrol cost incurred, and the smaller number of patients that can be looked after in a given working time, when compared with the G.P. with a compact suburban practice. This results in a smaller salary. Further, the system does not recognise the additional resourcefulness required, and responsibility carried, by the country G.P. for whom special services are less readily available. In addition the present remuneration system is such as to put the thorough practitioner at a disadvantage compared with his slapdash colleague.

The second group, whose financial position is equally unsatisfactory, is the Registrars. They do a considerable part of the work referred to hospitals, and the senior ones may have been qualified 8 or more years, but their maximum salary is £1,400, and in the branches of medicine and surgery there is little prospect of advancement to consultantship. Further they are not allowed to take on other remunerative work in medicine to supplement their incomes, and there are no "perks," expenses, allowances for car, books, instruments or subscriptions to learned societies, nor income tax rebates on these. It is this group who do much of the medical research in this country. They have made a bigger investment in cost and time (5-6 years as a student) and receive lower initial salaries than the physicists with whom you chose to compare them.

27 The Hollands, Worcester Park, Surrey. D. MARRACK

CAMPS IN KENYA

SIR,—It is good to read your comment on the need for an independent inquiry into conditions in the Kenya detention camps. Anxiety about the Emergency Regulations in Kenya has been expressed by the Moderator of the Church of Scotland in Nairobi, and by a retired judge of the Kenya Supreme Court.

Following reports of court cases taken against European officers for brutalities to prisoners and suspects, requests have been made on at least seven occasions in the last two years for an independent judicial inquiry to be held. These requests came from such responsible papers as the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Observer*, and from members of the House of Lords and House of Commons.

I was an eyewitness of incidents in these places which contravene the Charter of Human Rights. Supporting evidence has come in from another rehabilitation officer and extremely disquieting letters, smuggled out of camps, have been sent to members of parliament. Over a thousand Africans have been hanged during the Emergency, less than a third of them for murder. Today, more than four years since the Emergency was declared, there are still more than 30,000 detained without trial, indeed without any charge made against them.

Christian conscience in England would welcome an announcement that the International Red Cross is to be asked to report on these camps and prisons and "carry out their traditional humanitarian duties on behalf of the victims of events in Kenya."

The very many people in Britain who since June have demanded an inquiry will not be satisfied until an impartial judicial inquiry has been held into the conduct of the Emergency. If the Colonial Secretary and the Kenya government have nothing to hide they will be wise to agree to such an inquiry. To continue to refuse gives credence to the widespread belief that they cannot clear themselves of the charges which have been made against them. It is too naive of them to state that they have conducted their own inquiry and satisfied themselves that they are innocent!

EILEEN FLETCHER

4 Maurice Walk, N.W.11.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Up and Down in the County

To some readers *The Paston Letters* are a cosy work. They show the unchanging face of Norfolk society. That social competition, those provincial interests, those irreconcilable manor houses, those rural viragos, those farming, hunting, poaching clergymen—there they all are, with High Church exhortations from the laity at Bayfield, midnight assaults in the churchyard of Plumstead, Wyndham darkly threatening from Felbrigg, cousin Gurney in the courts, the parson of Snoring in the stocks, and unedifying scenes at Paston, when "we fell out before my mother with 'thou proud priest!' and 'thou proud squire!'" Might it not all be today, instead of the mid-fifteenth century?

Possibly it might. But below this unchanging face there is another very different world. It is a pre-capitalist world, a world in which the great majority of men had not yet discovered our innocent but absorbing methods of getting and spending. Consequently their whole society was different. It was different in structure, different in aims, different in social values. It is unrecognisable today, even to that small minority of Englishmen who still have to find ways of reducing the tedium of rural life.

Consider the aims of the fifteenth-century Englishman. He lived—according to all the outward evidence—not for himself, or for God, but for the family. Not to make the family rich or comfortable, but to raise its status—a status that might be illustrated by wealth (as long as it was conspicuous), but to which comfort must certainly be sacrificed. The Marxist heresy that man lives for profit would have seemed disgusting to him; the capitalist heresy that he lives to cosset his children would have been incredible. Children were imperfect, stunted creatures whose sole purpose was, when grown up, to help forward the family. To this end life, marriage, everything was openly subordinated, as young Elizabeth Paston discovered when she drew the line at an elderly, deformed widower. For three months she was, by her loving mother, "beaten once in a week or twice, sometimes twice in one day, and her head broken in two or three places." The same truth was experienced by Margery Paston who, having stubbornly married the bailiff, was summarily informed by the family chaplain that neither her mother nor her mother's friends would ever receive her again. Margery was "lost"; "but remember you, and so do I," her mother wrote consolingly to her son, "that we have lost of her but a worthless person." She was "worthless" and "lost" because she was now useless to the family. These loving mothers are the Paston women whom Mr. Warrington, in his feeble introduction to this new selection*, finds so admirable.

Of course, we must not think of the family only in the strict sense. It extended to include, in their proper stations, cousins, allies, clients, "servants." All these were held together in a great system of mutual dependence and patronage; and it was within and through this system that a family, in the strict sense, "rose"—that is, acquired land and influence, was feared and, therefore, obeyed, deserved the patronage of the great, the alliance of other "rising" families, the service of clients whom to defend and reward was also a sign of success. The successful man was he who, thanks to such a combination, had won all his lawsuits, married an estate clear of debt, built a large house, and would die sure of burial by an impressive number of priests, in a monumental tomb already built, and with masses prepaid in *sæcula sæculorum*.

Nevertheless, in saying this, we have already stumbled on an apparent contradiction. Why must the tomb be prefabricated, the masses prepaid?—It is because, in spite of all this lip-service to the family, no one really trusted anyone else, not even his sons, once his power over them was gone. In reality the family was not cultivated as such: it was a necessary alliance from which every man hoped individually to profit: "every gentleman that hath discretion waiteth that his kin and servants that liveth by him and at his cost should help him forward." Such an alliance was cultivated only so long as it served its purpose. Hence that ruthlessness to the black sheep, those "lost" and "worthless" members who, by their weakness, failed to help the others forward. A struggling society has no room for passengers: every member must pull his weight, for once the boat ceases to go forward it will surely go back, and once it is seen to go back, the rats will leave, the enemy will attack, and it will sink. As Mrs. Paston wrote: "if we lose our friends, it shall be hard in this troublous world to get them again."

The operation of these social laws is clearly seen in the history of the Paston family. In one generation they were made, by an energetic lawyer. Always it is the lawyers who are the self-made men: the Pastons' Norfolk has no great tradesman, except Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, and he had made his fortune in London. Judge Paston was the son of a husbandman, but in his heyday none durst oppose him and he left to his heir both good manors and good advice. "I advise you," his widow told his son, "to think once a day of your father's counsel to learn the law, for he said many times that whosoever should dwell at Paston should have need to know how to defend himself." The whole Paston correspondence is a commentary on this judicious remark, for as soon as the formidable judge was dead the plunderers descended. An ex-friar, patronised by the Duke of Suffolk, attacked the manor of Oxnead. Lord Moleyns sent a thousand men, "a company of brothel that reck not what they do," to rifle and sack the manor house of Gresham. At once it was clear that the Pastons were fair game. "Here dare no man say a good word for you in this country," Mrs. Paston wrote to her husband. "God amend it."

To stop the rot it was essential to show that one could hit back. One must win a lawsuit. Unfortunately, this also depended on power. John Paston duly sued Lord Moleyns; but to what end? The sheriff assured him that whereas he would gladly pocket a bribe and fix the verdict accordingly in any other case, in this one case it was impossible: the King had written commanding him to make "such a panel to acquit Lord Moleyns." The answer was for the Pastons to find a patron as powerful as Lord Moleyns. Once again we are brought back to the central fact of feudal society: patronage.

High above the Pastons' Norfolk, like the gods above Homer's Troy, live the great patrons, the arbitrary, cynical and yet epicurean managers of these desperate human struggles. There is the Duke of Norfolk at Framlingham; there is the Duke of Suffolk at Costessey, maintainer of "all the traitors and extortioners of this country," without whose "good-lordship, while the world is as it is, ye can never live in peace"; and at Caister Castle, his newly built seat, there is Sir John Fastolf, once major-domo of the Regent of France, now old and heirless among his books, and tapestries, his artists and chroniclers. Upstart gangsters, fattened with the spoils of war and injustice, these men yet appeal to us more than the dreary, pushing, grasping county society beneath them: for it was they or their peers—a Tiptoft, a Duke Humfrey—who brought to England the Italian or Burgundian Renaissance, who built great colleges and libraries, churches and tombs, to house their pride or expiate their sins. Unfortunately, these great patrons of art and learning proved less useful as patrons of the Pastons.

It is true the Pastons—by hook or crook—netted most of the Fastolf property; but it proved, as the Bishop of Norwich observed, an inheritance full of "sorrow and trouble." It did not make them stronger, only a richer, more tempting prey. The Duke of Suffolk grabbed the manor of Drayton and wrecked the manor house and profaned the church of Hellesdon. "If my Lord of Norfolk would come," wailed the Pastons' bailiff, "he should make all well." But, alas, the Duke of Norfolk had been wooed in vain, for he, too, had designs on the Fastolf property. So he now deserted his former clients and suddenly besieged and captured Caister. Exultant, the two dowager duchesses declared that what they had they would hold, and lesser families — Heydons, Yelvertons, Boleyns — pounced upon the leavings of the feast. The Pastons seemed finished—was it not getting about that they were selling their woods?—but no: fortunately, those fatal accidents could happen to other families, too. Within four years the last Mowbray Duke of Norfolk was suddenly dead and Sir John Paston, in an access of energy, was able to seize Caister again—and keep it.

Such was the social round of fifteenth-century England. It will be said that that was an exceptional age, the age of "bastard feudalism." But in fact what were the special circumstances? Only the weakness of the Crown which gave wider scope to these social struggles and the Paston Letters which open a window into them. A century later, when the Tudors have reimposed the royal power, we can still see the same social pattern, even if it is now more limited in scope and must be sought in obscurer

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records. Landlords may not sack each other's houses, but they break down each other's enclosures. Private war continues, formalised in ceaseless litigation. Wards are still "bought and sold as beasts." The rules are the same, too. Two hundred years after the death of Judge Paston, a successful Crown servant urged his son, as the prime condition of survival, to be sure to win his first lawsuit; otherwise the whole county would turn and rend him. And the result was the same: long after Judge Paston, the great houses of Norfolk continued to be raised by an oligarchy of lawyers: Heydons, Yelvertons, Hobarts, Cokes. And at the summit of national society still we find upstart olympian magnates, Howards and Seymours, Dudleys and Sidneys, great patrons of art, letters and injustice, advertising by their magnificence their brief triumph in the social war. Only one social group still plays no public part: the "capitalists." If the Boleyns are still there, in Tudor times, it is no longer as merchants. They, too, have "risen" and joined, triumphantly but briefly, in the great game.

But as for a modern parallel, it is not to be found in England, even in Norfolk. In spite of cousin Gurney and the parson of Snoring—those fleeting forms—the substance is unrecognisable. For a modern parallel we must look elsewhere, to Persia or the High Atlas. The modern Sir John Fastolf or Duke of Suffolk is not among the English aristocracy: he is a great caïd or pasha, who has cornered water-rights, distributed uneven justice, prospered in war, subjected other tribes, and built up a private empire of patronage which suddenly dissolves with his death: a man like the late El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

The Truce

There was a truce, a silent breathless pause
in the water and air proof tank of the theatre:
the blue wall darkens from the single lamp
towards the far side, all of dimpled glass
whose double thickness filters lights that pass
into used gestures of an outer sphere,

giddy, effete. Here on the table-land,
the altar of my vigil all that night,
this bed, adjusted for the surgeon's hand,
gently the sheets break upwards and a shade
ripples over the throat: a breath is made;
even the next is more effect of light

as it alters landscapes by the hour,
than independent work of muscles; then
the pulse picks up and to my fingertips
on languished veins communicates a power
which in the beginning of our sympathy
could be conveyed only by eyes and lips.

It was a gentle play: the actors used
no scalpel, their perceptions were so keen.
A wife, courted by her death, refused;
a shame-faced husband wept out all his spleen
into the general pool of a new life;
at the periphery, infinitely far,

a tidy nurse by turns looked on and read
her text which differed only in the points:
life has one rhythm, healing quite another,
their crossing was dramatic but they part
like casual friends at their own pace, at heart
impatient with the other's different care.

FRANK LISSAUER

Tragedy or Melodrama?

The Suez War. By PAUL JOHNSON. *Macgibbon & Kee.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Above my crowded bookshelf labelled Munich, I have cleared another and called it Suez. It, too, I expect, will soon be full. For Suez, like Munich, was a self-contained episode which epitomised in the events of a few weeks all the conflicts of a decade. The whole essence of the 1930s was expressed in the phoney Munich peace; the whole essence of the 1950s in the phoney Suez war.

Paul Johnson has provided an excellent first book for my new shelf. Nothing written so soon after the event could provide a considered judgment or even a considered version of the facts. What he gives us is a lively and faithful impression of how it felt to be an alert—and very angry—spectator living through the crisis in London. The virtue of his narrative is that it moves as fast as the events it describes. If, despite its brilliant style, it is a confusing book—well, in this respect, too, it reflects its subject-matter. After Munich the facts were hardly in dispute, and all we had to ask ourselves was how on earth Chamberlain could do it? But nothing is clear about the Suez crisis, and the more I learn about Sir Anthony's role the more I feel that what he did was inexplicably out of character. It was a phoney war run by a phoney warrior.

Mr. Johnson explains this by what he calls the spectre of Munich. He believes that Sir Anthony braced himself to make war on Nasser because he was haunted by the memory of Chamberlain's failure to make war on Hitler. I accept this motivation. But the two crises, I believe, have an even deeper similarity which Mr. Johnson is too indignant to observe. Munich and Suez, it seems to me, were both symptoms of a structural weakness in European democracy, which ensures that in peacetime we should be led by men unfit for an appointment with destiny. It is no accident that in both crises the centre of the stage is held by an Anglo-French couple—decent, well-intentioned fellows but as out of place as two Galsworthy characters transferred into one of Shakespeare's Histories. Their blindness, their petty deceits, their evasions and their final utter recklessness are due not to black villainy but to a virtuous lifetime's training in parliamentary and party compromise.

Mr. Johnson, however, prefers to portray Sir Anthony as a scheming villain, capable of deeply dishonourable conduct. By so doing he degrades a genuine human tragedy into a political melodrama. It is surely absurd to describe either Eden or Chamberlain as a bad, dishonourable man. What was wrong with them both was that they were utterly inadequate to the role they were called on to play, and their downfall was caused by their pathetic attempts to rise above themselves. Chamberlain pushed aside his diplomats and expert advisers—with their inconclusive, balanced arguments—and gambled everything on his hunch that he could come to terms with Hitler. Eden, with equal recklessness, gambled on toppling a phoney dictator before phoney war turned into real war.

In his conclusion Mr. Johnson writes:

> A deadly blow has been struck at the very foundation of our society. . . . At the heart of our political consciousness is the notion that a British minister of the Crown is an honourable man. If this is destroyed, the system is fatally injured; its life-blood—public confidence—drains away. . . . Our system will not easily recover from these blows. Perhaps, indeed, it may never recover. . . . It is possible that we may follow a path marked with ministerial lies and corruption, with deceit and evasion in high places, with increasing public cynicism, with ever-failing faith in democratic institutions.

I do not share Mr. Johnson's pessimism because I do not accept his view that our democracy was fatally injured last autumn. Surely the real danger to democracy is not the fact that a Premier has for once made an independent

decision (and lost his job because it was a bad one) but the growth of a bureaucracy and party oligarchy which combine to stifle decision, to penalise intellectual courage and independence of character, and so to make sure that an Eden or Chamberlain is in charge when the crisis blows up.

But what precisely was the role of Eden in the crisis? It is the main contention of Mr. Johnson's book that he and M. Mollet were sworn brothers from the moment Nasser grabbed the Canal. In the first phase of their conspiracy, which lasted until early September, they were planning for direct military intervention in Egypt, with the avowed aim of seizing the Canal Zone and overturning the Nasser regime. Then, when they had been let down by Mr. Dulles for the second time, they abandoned this plan and referred the Suez issue to the Security Council. They did not, however, abandon the attack on Egypt, but decided to carry it out under the pretext of separating the combatants after an attack by Israel which they themselves had instigated.

This brief summary shows that anyone who wants to know what the charge of collusion means should read *The Suez War*. It is a pity that so much of Mr. Johnson's story consists of inside accounts (which may or may not be true) of British and French Cabinet meetings and of the top secret discussions between Mollet and Eden. But keyhole reportage is inevitable if one tries to write the history of collusion—a charge it is impossible to bring home from the public evidence. I find Mr. Johnson's version of what happened unconvincing, not so much because it relies on dubious sources but because it fails to take account of the military operations, which certainly do not suggest any advanced tripartite planning.

Is it not far more likely that there was the closest collaboration between France and Israel—of which Sir Anthony took care to know as little as possible? With a huge army committed in Algeria, M. Mollet had an obvious interest in extending the war to Egypt and involving Britain. That is why the landing of the Anglo-French expedition in Port Said was a genuine triumph for French diplomacy. Britain's position was quite different from that of France. The French were at war with the whole Arab world, whereas the Eden Government's main aim was to win back Arab friendship by puncturing Nasser's inflated nationalism. The French—like the Israeli—regarded the United Nations as either a futile talking-shop or actively inimical to their interests: the Eden Government was still proud to claim that Britain was one of its pillars. The French had been written off by the United States and bitterly resented the inferior status accorded to them: the Eden Government regarded its special relationship with Washington as the linchpin of its policy.

The divergences of interest were enormous and what remains inexplicable is why Sir Anthony failed to notice them and to suspect the French when they came to him offering gifts. For, whereas M. Mollet needed to involve Britain in a real war against the Arabs, it was vital for Sir Anthony not to go beyond the brink of war. That is why I cannot accept Mr. Johnson's black-and-white theory and find it more likely that Sir Anthony merely connived at the Franco-Israeli plan, hoping right up to the last moment to avoid the necessity for actual fighting, which (as he must have foreseen) might well involve a break with America and condemnation by U.N. His crime, if I am correct, was not to join with M. Mollet in a deep-laid plan of aggression but to rely on his skill at brinkmanship and then find himself pulled over the brink. That is why, when he was forced after all to wage a real war on a blatantly phoney pretext, his nerve failed him and he ordered the cease-fire.

The Suez War is an excellent example of modern political pamphleteering, and I am sure it will sell for months. But, before the second edition, Mr. Johnson should completely rewrite the background chapter on the Middle East. It is full of careless slips. The Balfour Declaration was not made in 1919, nor Abadan nationalised in 1952. King Ibn Saud was not the leader of an Arab movement to throw off "British tutelage" but a supporter of the British connection, who proved himself far more loyal than the Hashemites in 1941. These are minor blemishes. The main defect of this chapter is Mr. Johnson's repeated assertion that what was wrong with British Middle Eastern policy after 1945 was its "ambivalent" attitude to Jews and Arabs. Since he also condemns the unambiguous anti-Arab policy of the French, one is driven to the conclusion that he believes in the crudest kind of appeasement.

Indeed, at one point he commits himself to the view that, although Nasser "had us by the throat," the wise policy for Eden to adopt would have been to "pay the sheiks a little more danegeld" for twenty years, until home-produced atomic energy enables us to tell the Arabs "to go and drown themselves in their oil." This is not good enough, and I hope Mr. Johnson, who writes admirably about French North Africa, will have second thoughts about British policy in the Middle East.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Light on Hungary

La Tragédie Hongroise. By FRANCOIS FEJTÖ. *Paris : Editions Pierre Horay.* 690*frs.*

M. Fejtö has had a stroke of luck. Author four years ago of a remarkable History of the Peoples' Democracies (regrettably not translated into English) he had a further work on Hungary on the stocks when the revolution broke out in October. He had only to add a chapter summarising the eventful days of Nagy and Kadar; and he had beaten the professional journalists. His book is the first to shed light on what has been happening in Hungary. The last chapter is a bare chronology; and I am historian enough to believe that we are too near the most recent events to understand their significance clearly. Obviously the Soviet leaders have committed a catastrophic blunder which must ruin their moral appeal throughout the world for years to come; but we cannot yet grasp why they did it. Did their appeal to force spring from the impulse of a moment? Or does it represent a profound and permanent change in Soviet policy? Only the future can show.

The merit of M. Fejtö's book lies not in its account of the Hungarian revolution, but in its discussion of what went before. M. Fejtö is himself one of the Hungarian intellectuals who inspired the revolution, though by a lucky chance he was already out of the country in 1949 when the Terror began and has lived safely in exile. His book is therefore commentary from afar, not personal testimony; but a commentary based on the writings of the Communists themselves. Nothing indeed is odder than the readiness of the Communists to denounce their past crimes and follies—though only as a preparation for new ones. M. Fejtö has worked laboriously through the files of the Hungarian Communist press and extracted from them a devastating picture of failure, tyranny and corruption. His starting-point is the Rajk trial which marked the first assertion of Russian imperialism in Hungary—present events being the second. From then on, as M. Fejtö shows, there was an increasingly mad race towards imposed Communism: heavy industry developed to the exclusion of all else, and the peasants driven into collective farms at almost as great a rate as that set earlier by Stalin in Russia. The story of this helter-skelter appears in retrospect quite lunatic; but it is what happens whenever Communists are really wound up. Like clockwork figures they have only one routine.

M. Fejtö also makes it clear that Communism has been retreating in Hungary for the last two years—though perhaps the retreat may now be at

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an end. The October revolution came after a long period of preparation. The workers were less hard-driven; the peasants won back their individual holdings; the intellectuals resumed free discussion. The Communists, like other tyrants before them, obviously meant this process to stop at some suitably safe point; and maybe the people of Hungary too meant it to stop. But the movement to freedom got out of hand, as such movements do; and all hope of compromise seems exhausted. M. Fejtö, himself a high-minded national Communist until 1948, is perhaps a little inclined to build up Nagy more than he deserves. His was a name for people to grasp at; we shall never know whether there was much behind it. When habits of tolerance and political morality have once been destroyed, how can they be brought to life again? M. Fejtö often refers to the analogy of 1867 when the gentry of Hungary won back their freedom after eighteen years of Habsburg despotism. But there was then a class of moderate and civilised leaders who had never wavered from the path of moderation. Now Hungary and the other Communist countries of Europe seem doomed to a long alternation of tyranny and explosion.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

On January 28 will be published the fifth edition of R. N. Carew Hunt's *Theory and Practice of Communism* (Bles, 18*s.*) to which the author has added a chapter on "the Post-Stalinist Situation," and R. J. Minney's *Clive of India* (Jarrolds, 21*s.*). Other new editions include Sir Carleton Allen's *Law and Orders* (Stevens, 42*s.*); H. Samuels's *Trade Union Law* (Stevens, 12*s.* 6*d.*); Carlos Baker's *Hemingway: the Writer as Artist* (Oxford: Princeton, 40*s.*); Roger Fry's *Vision and Design* (Chatto & Windus, 10*s.* 6*d.*), Edmund Blunden's *Undertones of War* (Oxford, 6*s.*); *Four to Fourteen*—Kathleen Lines's library of books for children (Cambridge, 16*s.*).

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Let Glasgow Flourish

Glasgow. By J. M. REID. *Batsford.* 25*s.*

No Mean City. By A. MCARTHUR and H. KINGSLEY LONG. *Spearman.* 15*s.*

Understanding the Scots. By MORAY MCLAREN. *Muller.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Edwin Muir's image for Glasgow, in his *Autobiography*, is a labyrinth. I lived myself in Glasgow till I was eight; I still dream sometimes that I am travelling along an endless street on an open-decked rattling tram past canyons of grey or sandy tenements, night falling, and faint gas jets popping in the repeated rectangular windows behind smoke-yellowed beaded muslin curtains. One block is like another; where shall I alight, where is my own home? If Edinburgh stands out all edge, all style and gesture, Glasgow seems at first a huge amorphousness, sucking in and consuming individual hope. Yet out of the amorphousness came the Glasgow school of painters, C. R. Mackintosh, James Bridie, the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre. What, over the same period, of comparable importance has come out of Edinburgh? Glasgow deserves to be explored, and to be explored with respect.

Mr. Reid was for twelve years editor of that lightest and liveliest of Glasgow newspapers, *The Bulletin*. He writes as a man who has not only the history of his city at his finger-tips but who believes that Victorian Glasgow particularly—and, physically, Glasgow is mainly a Victorian city—is far more worth looking at than even Glaswegians allow. His photographs bear him out. Alexander Thomson's Caledonian Road U.P. Church startles one with the harsh and strong detachment of its campanile. Honeyman's Barony North, in Cathedral Square, is by way of contrast deliciously Italianate. James Sellars's Kelvinside Academy (1887) is a wonderfully dignified and unaffected piece of belated classicism. The text and photographs also do full justice to the innovating genius of C. R. Mackintosh; it is pleasant to see not only his School of Art but a smaller yet equally original building like his Scotland Street school. Mr. Reid is equally good on Glasgow Cathedral, the city's one great surviving medieval building, and on eighteenth-century and Regency buildings. He sketches in the historical background more broadly, but beautifully clearly. The striking thing about the history of Glasgow is its unpredictability. Founded by a saint on a not very promising site, the city became first an ecclesiastical, then a commercial, then an industrial centre, responding always with extraordinary adaptability to the collapse of old and the rise of new opportunities. Glasgow made the Clyde, not the Clyde Glasgow. And the old spirit of resourceful improvisation is still alive.

One problem not yet solved—Mr. Reid touches on it in passing—is that of the Glasgow slums. *No Mean City*, which first came out in 1935, deals with that problem. It is not a good novel itself, but it contains material which an American realist like James T. Farrell might have turned into a very good novel indeed. It describes the rise and fall of a gang leader in the 1920s, in the Gorbals. Its gangsters are not gangsters in the American sense. They are young people, unemployed or in precarious employment, living with their parents and brothers and sisters in crowded, insanitary tenements, who find fights in dance-halls and streets the only way of bringing a little style and drama into their lives. Their violence comes out—or would have come out, if the authors had got more effectively down to their own implicit theme—as a protest against meaninglessness. The problem of adolescent violence is still a real one in Glasgow, as in many large cities. Mr. Moray McLaren, in his bright, chatty little book, *Understanding the Scots*, suggests that it is mainly an Irish problem: "The Glasgow Irish were not prominent in other civic problems such as vice and prostitution, but whenever a broken bottle smashed over someone else's head you might safely bet that it was an Irish hand that wielded it." Not only Irish readers, I think, may feel that this is a little too simple. The violence of the hero in *No Mean City*—though the authors are better at documentation than at psychology—springs clearly, fundamentally, from an exasperatingly frustrating boredom: from having nothing to do, nothing to believe in, nothing to work and hope for. We shall always have a problem of incipient violence in our large cities so long as the masses do not—as, on the whole, alas, they do not—participate in the common and traditional culture. Bad housing and unemployment do not cause violence; they bring something which is always latent to the surface. Clubs, housing schemes, steady jobs do not cure violence. They make it easier for men of good will to begin tackling the fundamental problem, which is one of spiritual education.

Mr. Moray McLaren can write, at his best, so very well—as in his excellent book on Johnson's and Boswell's Highland jaunt—that one is rather sad to see him working in a facetious and popular vein. I hate easy generalisations either against, or for, my countrymen. But Mr. McLaren's personality is always a pleasant one and his drastic simplifications are interspersed with plenty of fruity anecdotes and good jokes. I wish, though, that Scottish writers would limit themselves to writing one, or at the most two, books about Scotland-in-general. That field has been too well ploughed.

G. S. FRASER

The Palpable Zeitgeist

The Art of Sculpture. By SIR HERBERT READ. *Faber.* 52*s.* 6*d.*

It is Sir Herbert Read's avowed intention in this large and handsomely produced edition of his A. W. Mellon lectures to give an æsthetic of the art of sculpture. He maintains that sculpture, in its frequent subordination to painting and architecture and as the result of a lack of formulation of necessary autonomous laws, has only come to take its proper place as an independent art since Rodin and he concludes upon a note of optimism, adding that the future is now pointed by "icons that have not yet precipitated ideas."

Viewed in this light only a small proportion of the sculpture of the past can escape censure, for in addition to its subservience to other arts, the humanism of all Greek sculpture later than the sixth century B.C. is, to Sir Herbert, no more than "a narcissistic form of projection." With most sculpture prior to the Renaissance hopelessly tied to architecture and Renaissance sculpture defeated by the triumph of a "painterly" rather than a "palpable" conception, there is little enough left to accord with Sir Herbert's æsthetic demands. The present and the future, however, show a progressive evolution in the right direction and patiently we are to await the ideas not yet precipitated by icons. It is a sad sight to watch the huge and muscular body of the art of sculpture forced struggling into these corsets, however praiseworthy it may be to attempt to formulate such an æsthetic garment. And to reverse the metaphor, it is a sad sight to see Sir Herbert playing the ancient game of spillikins, winkling away at the pure art of sculpture stuck fast in the monumental heap of inextricably confused and interdependent art forms. This is, however, the task he has set himself and this task he carries through with quiet enthusiasm and credulity. Everything culminates in Mr. Henry Moore.

Sir Herbert defines a concept of a piece of sculpture as "a three-dimensional mass occupying space and only to be apprehended by senses which are alive to its ponderability as well as to its visual appearance." "Palpability" is also the watchword, or, as Sir Herbert rather ingenuously puts it "tactile sensations are best conveyed by palpable objects," an irreproachable statement at which no one could cavil, but Sir Herbert's æsthetic is very much of the moment and he seems to fit

works of art into it or exclude them from it, as his personal taste dictates. For instance, he assumes that the extraordinary stylisation of the Cycladic figure convention had an *æsthetic* motive. He may be right but no one can be sure that the inhabitants of the Cyclades were possessed of so sophisticated a desire to please. They did not know how fashionable their cult objects would become 5,000 years later and we know practically nothing of their culture. Undoubtedly they were æsthetically justified, however, for Mr. Henry Moore's "Double Standing Figure" is "formally and æsthetically not far removed from Cycladic figures." The senses may accept this proposition, the mind does not, but the purpose served is to pack that capacious portmanteau, elsewhere called "40,000 Years of Modern Art," with further woolly chest-protectors for the avant-garde. In this fashion the past is brought into line with "contemporary values," not on its own terms but in spite of them.

One could accept much of Sir Herbert's argument were he less anxious to be consistent. One accepts in general the proposition that architecture and sculpture have long been interdependent, but sweeping along into the Renaissance with this proposition, he finds himself with the equestrian statue on his hands and begins to stretch a point. He concedes the Gattamelata and Colleoni statues to be among "the highest achievements of Renaissance sculpture . . . but . . . inasmuch as they were conceived within a picturesque conception of architectural unity they remained . . . limited to a visual conception of the function of sculpture." Now both the Gattamelata and the Colleoni are placed on high pediments but both exist as absolutely independent three-dimensional objects in space, and appear so from all angles. How palpable are they? True you need a ladder to climb up and find out, and true they are situated in towns and therefore must, in a sense, take their place in an architectural unity, but the Gattamelata is placed in a quite arbitrary relationship to the "Santo" at Padua and the Colleoni has little, architecturally, to do with Santi Giovanni e Paolo. Unless these bronzes had been set down in a field somewhere, it is difficult to see how they could have escaped participation in an "architectural unity" and equally difficult to see in what way these masterpieces lack "that essential massiveness" which would "allow them to stand resolutely in space," qualities which are handsomely attributed to the sculpture of Maillol.

At this point, the reader's jaw drops with a palpable thud. Maillol, a noble and humble archaist, is granted just those "palpable" qualities which in the work of Polycletus and Phidias we are to assume have declined from archaic "vitality" and have become a mere projection of narcissism. And if Maillol is capable of the palpable and ponderable mass, then Renoir, whose "*Venus à la Pomme*" is every whit as palpable as any Maillol—and who is not mentioned—might be admitted to this pantheon. But painters as sculptors, it seems, are invariably guilty of being "painterly." So Degas is here put to bed with Matisse and very odd bedfellows they make, for if Matisse, the pure painter in every sense, occasionally practised sculpture in a disturbingly "painterly" fashion, it might reasonably be asserted that Degas was naturally a sculptor who long practised painting with the sculptural implications of Masaccio or Piero della Francesca. If a Degas bronze is less palpable than a Maillol, it looks suspiciously as if "palpability" is a quality to be found in works of art which favour fat girls rather than muscular ones.

Sir Herbert's reputation as an æsthetic philosopher stands very high and he is widely championed for his sensitive evaluation of modern art. The same standards, he feels, must apply to the past, which is here evaluated in the same subjective fashion, so that the criteria of modern art criticism are the subjective criteria of "vitality rather than harmony"; of the intuitive response rather than the intellectual appraisal; of the romantic appreciation of an urge towards an unconscious "truth" rather than a recognition of the sapient achievement of *homo sapiens*. Sculpture, he believes, achieves its maximum effect when the sculptor proceeds "almost blindly to the statement of tactile values . . . not apparent to the eye alone, but given by every direct or imaginable sensation of touch and pressure." One would have thought the sculpture of the almost blind Degas would have qualified, but Sir Herbert must deny Degas and scarcely less Donatello, for a variety of reasons which add up suspiciously to a rejection of artists gifted with unusually powerful intellects.

The danger of this almost blindly intuitive triumph of subjective art criticism lies in the fact that every *frisson* of novelty may produce the same intestinal effect as a profound spiritual experience. In asking *homo sapiens* in general to accept such criteria—and in some sects he has—the critic is also requiring the artist to forgo his own intellect—and in some sects he has. Sir Herbert is right in assuming that art criticism has achieved a revaluation of æsthetic values in recent years and he is himself among the chief proponents of this revaluation, but in finding Pevsner's construction in brass and oxidised tin, forty-one inches high, a modern equivalent of the "Victory of Samothrace" and Arp's concretions to "embody organic forces," Sir Herbert encourages the contemporary sculptor to plunge as blindly as anything into a "truth" dredged from the collective unconscious.

MICHAEL AYRTON

New Novels

The Collected Stories of Isaac Babel. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

The Great World and Timothy Colt. By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The Charity Ball. By EGON HOSTOVSKY. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Other Traveller. By N. BRYSSON MORRISON. *Hogarth Press.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Don't Go Near the Water. By WILLIAM BRINKLEY. *Cape.* 16*s.*

The name of Isaac Babel (b. 1894, died c. 1939 in a Soviet concentration camp) ought to be greeted with one of those volleys of parenthetical stage directions which the Russians are so fond of: *Stormy applause! Prolonged ovation! All writers rise! Cries of: "Long live the posthumous rehabilitation of ex-Comrade Stalin's literary victim!"* He certainly re-reads wonderfully well, an established twentieth-century classic.

This volume contains the *Red Cavalry* stories, and twenty-two others, several of them about Odessa, where he lived as a child in the Mildovanka, the ghetto of this Black Sea Marseilles, a richly variegated community that included Talmudists, well-to-do business men, infant musical prodigies and daring gangsters like the semi-mythical Benya Krik. It represents almost Babel's entire literary output for he dried up in the Twenties some time before his disappearance, and it stands up well to any of the obvious comparisons: Maupassant, Crane, Hemingway, Gorki. By no one else has the peculiar, livid, feverish atmosphere of the Russian civil war been so vividly communicated. As Lionel Trilling points out in his introduction, a unique feature of Babel's writing in the *Red Cavalry* series is the fantastic anomaly of his own situation as a pale, bespectacled Jewish intellectual riding knee to knee with Budenny's Cossacks across the devastated Ukraine, fighting the Whites and the Poles. He is, from the artistic point of view, the ideal interpreter to translate for us into a comprehensible idiom these scenes of violence and social chaos. Politically, though firmly on the side of the revolution, he is admirably detached and objective. There are no rhapsodies, no messianic visions such as poor Blok indulged in in his poem, *The Twelve*. Babel takes the realistic view of Gorki who saw the face of the

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Russian masses as "a great grey ugly mug." But his realism is never crude; he has a delicate lyrical sensibility and remarkable powers of selection and condensation, one of those invaluable burning-glass writers who can focus the glare of a whole epoch.

After Babel, an average batch of novels is like returning from a spell of delirium in the excitable ward to convalesce in the garden suburbs. Mr. Auchinloss is the most solidly satisfying of these four. *The Great World And Timothy Colt* is a chronicle of a nice young New York lawyer's struggle to preserve his integrity, beset by all the usual temptations. But there is nothing obvious or banal about it, and it is written in a firm, clear, unmodern English style. The legal and commercial detail is copious but clear. It gives you at times an impression of Trollope, reborn and Harvard educated.

The Charity Ball is given for European refugees in a New York hotel, organised by a variety of philanthropists, publicists and ladies bountiful. A sudden violent storm blows up and the guests are unable to leave. Tension becomes acute, especially at table 15, where the Rindt family, two Austrian brothers and the American wife of one of them and mistress of the other, compose an already dangerously strained triangle. There is also the eccentric Professor Wunderlich, clowning and roaring drunkenly; a Czech millionaire, and various Polish and Rumanian adventurers. At the end comes a sudden outbreak of violence. Mr. Hostovsky's intention is partly to use the ball as an allegory for the world situation which has brought it about. The tone varies rather abruptly from the farcical to the tragic. There is, unfortunately, an underlying stratum of flat melancholy inseparable from any refugee problem. Quite a clever book but for me dead as a doornail.

Miss Brysson Morrison's characters seem so simple that you begin to suspect that they have all had prefrontal leucotomy. *The Other Traveller* is about an Englishman who has been running a roadhouse called "The Cherry Pie." His wife has left him for a middle-aged novelist. ("He hadn't a book out in September but because Linklater or Priestley, it was one of those top-notchers, got the Book Society Choice, his spleen and rancour knew no bounds. I've never heard anything like it, no woman could come within scratching distance of him.") He finds himself while running a fishing hotel in Scotland. His experiences are readable in a quiet, cosy hotel lounging way. Miss Brysson Morrison is not an easy writer to assess. She has affinities with the woman's magazine school but is really several cuts above it; she is, perhaps, a school of her own, a school of mildly didactic Scottish naturalism.

Though not, possibly, quite so uproarious as its publishers make out, *Don't Go Near the Water* is at least funny enough to recommend enthusiastically: the American navy in the Pacific with some good satire at the expense of the mania for public relations and public relations officers. Dame-shortage provides the broad farce. There are all the usual absurdities from visiting congressmen to the correspondent of *Vogue* or something very like it. There is not much story, just a string of incidents, but the characterisation is surprisingly sound and some of the love-affairs surprisingly tender.

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Shorter Reviews

The Monmouth Episode. By BRYAN LITTLE. *Werner Laurie.* 25*s.*

Monmouth chose for his rebellion the moment of failure. Charles II had outplayed the Whig exclusionists and secured the succession of his Roman Catholic brother James II. The Establishment, charmed as ever by brilliant politics, were enjoying a new monarch and waiting to see if he could be tolerable. Of course they wanted a Protestant. Monmouth's Stuart genius for over-simplification made him suppose this was all they wanted and that they would accept a charming bastard (or had Shaftesbury really persuaded him that he was legitimate?) before their lawyers had time to make a constitutional settlement. So he sailed for Lyme Regis with 80 soldiers and a competent Dutch gunner; and inveigled into high treason several thousand admirable West Countrymen, people who took *The Pilgrim's Progress* seriously. "No more bungling and ill-starred revolution was ever made." Yet it had the drama of momentary success at Norton St. Philip, of the night battle and rout at Weston Moor, the grim punishment of the thousand or so rebels caught in the loose net of justice and their commemoration as martyrs (or more obviously the gleeful execration of Judge Jeffreys) when the Glorious Revolution made them respectable again.

Mr. Little has taken excellent trouble to discover letters and diaries that give the personal impact of the rebellion on ordinary people, and to view with an eye accurate for changes in architecture and the West Country scene the places Monmouth visited. But it would be a mistake to think his book merely one to buy for local colour on a visit to Taunton or Bridgwater. It is also intelligent history of a rebellion everyone wanted, but not until it had been properly arranged and not for that man.

A. W.

The Life of Laurence Oliphant. By PHILIP HENDERSON. *Hale.* 21*s.*

Eccentrics, especially of the wealthy sort, are rarely agreeable characters, and Laurence Oliphant, for all his *bonhomie* and charm, really belongs in their ranks. How can one condense his long, weird, often unedifying story into a few inches of print? An easy-going, gifted, more than ordinarily sensual man of the world, he was also, as the devoted only son of an Evangelical mother, a prey to guilt. "I discern my greatest weakness," he wrote, "to be a flexibility of conscience, joined to a power of adapting myself to the society in which I happen to be thrown." Son of the Chief Justice of Ceylon, he spent his youth in the East, substituted the Grand Tour for Cambridge, and spent the next few years in Ceylon, Nepal, Russian Lapland, Washington and Canada—sojourns which were always enlivened by peculiarly barbarous forms of game-hunting. Before long he had managed, as traveller, correspondent, agent or diplomat, to be in nearly every centre of trouble: in India, China, Russia, Japan, Italy and Poland.

But the excitement was not enough. Bored with pleasure and with his own too pliable temper he was readily drawn to a theatrical religion which would take over his personal problems and decisions. For nearly 20 years he was to submit his will to that of a dominating religious quack, Thomas Harris. As a member of this astute American's Brotherhood, with its mystical-sexual experiences for the favoured, he surrendered his possessions, sewed petticoats, did squalid daily chores, refrained for 12 years from consummating his marriage to the beautiful Alice le Strange, and was known by the "fairy name" of Woodbine. Alice seems for a while to have been appropriated by the Master. When the couple finally broke away, it was not to sanity but to another form of Harrisism, and we find them launching out on sexual missionary work of a most unconventional kind among the Arabs. Oliphant died in 1888, leaving behind him a legendary reputation, several travel books, a satirical novel, and some woolly writings on mystical religion. All are now forgotten. If his life is worth recalling today, it is partly as a case history, partly as a window on an age; a reminder, too, of how much harm the human creature, a talented but dangerous piece of chemistry, could achieve when dabbling in the privileged national pastimes of the nineteenth century: sport, love, politics and religion.

N. L.

The Reptile World. By C. H. POPE. *Routledge.* 50*s.*

The reptiles sometimes seem a neglected backwater of vertebrate zoology. Yet about a thousand scientific articles or books are published on them every year. Only a few of these are on the twenty-five species of crocodiles; many are on the snakes, of which there are about 2,500 species, with a new one still being discovered from time to time. But, of all the reptiles, the most peculiar, zoologically, is the lizard-like tuatara—the solitary living representative of its order; this group, the Rhyncocephalia, flourished a hundred million years ago and longer, and this survival of the tuatara on a few islands off New Zealand is as odd as that of the notorious Coelacanth fish *Latimeria* in the Indian Ocean—only the tuatara is much smaller and has no public relations officer.

Actually, all the living reptiles are mere relics of the glorious past of dinosaurs, ichthyosaurs, pterodactyls and the rest: they are the descendants of the only reptiles of that lost Mesozoic world which survived competition with the more active, more adaptable and presumably more fertile birds and mammals. How the large and clumsy crocodiles managed this is quite obscure (the largest species reach a length of about twenty-three feet). The turtles and tortoises have their armour, which makes them at least singularly invulnerable to attack. Lizards have a great variety of special "adaptations", including the ability to change colour rapidly in some species: chameleons are not merely proverbial. Snakes have evolved a remarkable way of moving of which the detailed explanation was long obscure; and the method of killing prey and eating it employed by the poisonous snakes is worthy of science fiction.

Mr. Pope has written a large, readable, comprehensive and documented account of all these peculiar creatures. The 233 photographs are magnificent. Nobody who wishes to avoid being fascinated by reptiles should open this book.

S. A. B.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,403

Set by Glencora

Taking a hint from children's counting-out rhymes (e.g. "Eena, Meena, Mina Mo"; 'one potato, two potato'; "My mother and your mother were hanging out the clothes") competitors are invited to compose a Counting-out Rhyme for a Prime Minister picking his Cabinet. Limit, 12 lines; entries by January 29.

Result of No. 1,100

Set by Queequeg

With the translation of *Pygmalion* into *My Fair Lady*, and the New York production of *Candide* as a burlesque of operetta, the stage is set for the wholesale conversion of plays and books into musical comedies. The usual prizes are offered for a lyric of not more than 16 lines from one of the following shows: *Life with Mother* (*Oedipus Rex*); *Diary of a Tramp* ('*Tis Pity She's a Whore*); *The Bells of Bletchley* (*Look Back in Anger*); *You've Said It* (*Language, Truth and Logic*); *Oh, Mr. Mephistopheles* (*Une Saison en Enfer*); or *Diderot and I* (*French Liberal Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, by Kingsley Martin).

Report

It seems to have been fun. I sympathise with K. F. Hutcheon who added the postscript "The awful thing is that I am just beginning to think that it could really be done." And so, of course, it could—by Rodgers and Hammerstein. For most entrants failed to come off. Those who had a good idea clearly had no sense of what makes a singable lyric: those with a happier turn of phrase were too deficient in ingenuity, or too facile with unprintable lines. S. W. Mansell's "Antigone, it's agony" came near to a torch-song; R. A. McKenzie is presumably having fun, privately circulating his two entries from *Diary of a Tramp;* others are no doubt repeating puns such as Alfred Bradley's "If you kill your pa, at least keep mum." I wish D.A.H. could have produced three verses from *The Bells of Bletchley* to match the last:

We sit and gloom in our select society,
Rumple the *Observer* and rail at propriety,
Backs to the wall,
Outsiders all,
She and me and the boy with the horn downstairs.

And Vera Telfer failed well in the same way:

The world has never treated me well,
So I look back in anger and hate
And swear that I'll make your life a hell—
Wife, victim, trollop and mate.

Life with Mother attracted the largest and least successful group of entries. A. M. Sayers seems to me the best of them. Leslie Johnson offers a neat excerpt from *Diderot and I;* William Anthony the best of what another entrant called *Ayers on a Shoestring*, and he provided page references to go with the lyric; while Stanley Sharpless rang the bell in Bletchley. These four share the prizes.

LIFE WITH MOTHER

Oedipus: I'm in for trouble, I'm seeing double;
It puzzles me more and more;
I knew my wife in a former life—
We've certainly met before.
My simple notion of her devotion
To me, as the lord and head,
Is strangely blended with being up-ended
And walloped and put to bed.

I well recall how I used to bawl
When somebody tied my bib,
Rubbed fingers and thumbs on my toothless gums
And crooned to me in my crib.
We've all of us been through *that* routine,
But ah! what an odd thing this is—
For better, for worse, that capable nurse
Was amazingly like the Missus.

A. M. SAYERS

THE BELLS OF BLETCHLEY

Redbrick,
Alma bloody mater,
Half-baked educator,
Made me what I am today;
Redbrick,
Culture's what you stood for,
Now what am I good for,
B.A.?
M.A.?
Sweet S.A.!
I'm bitter (God, how bitter),
I'm quitter (yes, a quitter),
Got those bed-sitter, Redbrick Blues;
Intellectual barrow-boy,
Provincial would-be Harrow boy,
Got those constipating, belly-aching, Unlucky Jim-Jam
Blue-hoo, Yahoo, Blues.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

YOU'VE SAID IT

When you're feeling lyrical,
Go all empirical,
For proper significance—this is essential:
Make a proposition which is most experiential.
Gaze at her dearly,
Her substance is clearly
A sensational construction,
A phenomenal production.
Has she nice sense-data? Date her;
Verify your theory later.
Love is nothing spiritual; it's making observations
Of a characteristic kind in characteristic situations.
Refrain:
The web of pseudo-problems is a bind,
But as Man is only Body, never Mind,
We can pseudo-solve the conceptual mesh
By a Theory of Knowledge of the Flesh!

WILLIAM ANTHONY

DIDEROT AND I

Voltaire: The loaf entails a baker,
And a pea presumes a pod.
The watch implies a maker,
And the universe proves a God.
Our hearts we must not harden
As we cultivate our garden.

Diderot: Imagine then a digger
Who scatters earth in heaps
With blind, unthinking vigour,
While every worm that creeps
Inside such random dwelling,
Each ant beneath its sod,
Their hearts within them swelling,
Give praises to their God.

Chorus: Rational man, rational man,
That is the aim of our national plan.

LESLIE JOHNSON

City Lights

Plus ça Change

The City wept for Sir Anthony, but its tears were not allowed to interfere with the normal course of business. Grumbling clerks at the Bank of England worked overtime that night: the pound scarcely moved. Anxious stockjobbers travelled in by the early train to mark down prices: buying soon pushed them up again. When news came that Mr. Macmillan was in, faint smiles of pleasure began to appear in the City. When the list of Cabinet members was announced, the smiles broadened. Stock Exchange business on Monday was the heaviest for eighteen months. The premium on I.C.I.'s new convertible loan stock rose to over £8, the £9m rights issue from United Steel announced on the day of Sir Anthony's resignation achieved a comfortable premium. In the City, they like to see at the helm a strong man with views of his own (and you know what that means). They take as a personal compliment the apocolocyntosis of 67-year-old, self-made scale tycoon, tough-negotiating, pep-injecting, power-and-glory Sir Percy

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Mills. Even those who doubt the new Prime Minister's suitability for his office are pleased to see him making room for a new Chancellor. And everyone is expecting an early reduction in Bank Rate.

The gilt-edged market has been as strong as ever this week, shrugging off impatiently the curious events which took place in the discount market on Friday. The market houses, though they knew perfectly well that the air was filled with dreams of cheaper money and that competition for the bills on offer would be strong, refrained from raising their bid and got only 35 per cent. of the tender. It seems fairly clear that the Bank of England had hinted that a slowing-down in the pace of things was called for—it backed up its hint by forcing a couple of houses to borrow from it on penal terms. The question is whether it wanted the slowing-down as a formal acknowledgment to the change of government, or whether it was something more. This week's bill tender will be interesting. The discount market has not been given a tough time of it, and the gilt-edged market has got the bit so firmly in its teeth that it would take something fairly solid to stop it.

* * *

It would be unkind to connect the strength of sterling with the Bank of England changes which were announced at the same time as the change of government. Two of the four executive directors (the only members of the Court, apart from the Governor and Deputy-Governor, who work full time) are retiring. Sir Kenneth Peppiatt, who has been concerned mainly with home finance, is 64. Sir George Bolton, who is becoming a part-time instead of a full-time director and joining the Bank of London and South America, is very much younger, and has been chiefly responsible for the Bank's expensive drive towards full-blooded convertibility. The reason for his decision to retire has not been announced.

* * *

President Eisenhower's budget message is not likely to help Wall Street out of its jitters. A neutral budget will hardly allay its uneasiness about the economic prospect, a steep increase in defence expenditure will not soothe its qualms about the international situation. Most of the professional economic forecasters have come to much the same vague conclusions about 1957—business good for the first half of the year and not so good after that. Many of the unprofessional forecasters have a feeling in the tummy that the boom may tail off fairly quickly. Booms, the tummy mumbles, should last their proper length of time and no longer—this one has already been stretched by the effects of last year's steel strike, and when the backlog is made good it may suddenly collapse. So reports of a falling-off in steel orders have had a disproportionate effect on stock prices. The rise in business expenditure is beginning to slacken off, the number of houses built is still falling. State and federal government expenditure is rising, but not enough to offset any down-turn in business which may crop up: the Republicans, determined neither to raise taxes nor to run a budget deficit, have very little rope to play with. Everything depends on the nerves of the American consumer—and investors, consumers themselves, are not too happy about it all. Industrial share prices are slipping. Bond prices are slipping too, partly because of a flood of new issues, partly because of fears that the Federal Reserve, sworn to protect the value of the $, may make credit even tighter. British investors are getting cautious, and the London premium on dollar stocks is coming down.

TAURUS

Company Meetings

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

A Favourable Result

Mr. A. W. Tuke's Address

The Annual General Meeting for the year 1957 of the Stockholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank, 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3, on Wednesday, 6th February, 1957.

Capital Issued £22,964,703: Reserve Fund £19,000,000.

Current Deposit and other Accounts £1,412,924,049 (1955—£1,390,036,409).

Investments £475,688,578 (1955—£447,145,207).

Advances £368,535,766 (1955—£358,307,384).

Net Profit £2,917,112 (1955—£2,645,381).

The following is an extract from the Address of the Chairman, Mr. Anthony William Tuke, circulated to the Stockholders:—

Profits in 1956

The increase in the Bank Rate at the beginning of the year to the abnormally high figure of 5½ per cent., with corresponding increases in the rates which we earn on certain of our assets, has had the effect of enabling us to show a substantially increased profit in respect of the year's working. These results, if not the underlying reason for them, are naturally a matter of considerable satisfaction to the Board, but it is necessary, I think, to sound a note of caution regarding their permanence. Costs, of which by far the largest proportion represents payments made to or on account of the Staff, have continued to increase, and this increase has not been due, except very indirectly, to the factors which have caused the increase in our gross income. When these factors no longer operate and money rates return to normal the increased expenses will probably still remain, and if profits are to be maintained at their higher figure we shall have to rely upon increasing business and greater efficiency. Fortunately, we have plenty of scope for increasing our lendings, which are our most profitable asset, as soon as we are no longer obliged in the national interest to curtail them. As Stockholders will observe, we have used the additional profit to increase our transfer to Reserve Fund on this occasion from £1,000,000 to £1,250,000, which we regard as prudent in the circumstances, and we are recommending a repetition of the same payment to Stockholders as a year ago, although there is a slight difference in its form, which is explained in the Directors' Report.

Balance Sheet Figures

If we examine the Balance Sheet, we shall find that the deposits stand at £1,413,000,000 compared with £1,390,000,000 a year earlier, but a comparison on the twelve monthly balance dates in 1956 with the corresponding dates in the previous year reveals that, on the average, current and deposit accounts have fallen by approximately £20,000,000. The further effect of the credit squeeze is more directly disclosed in the fall of £36,000,000 in the monthly average of our advances to customers bringing them down to only 27 per cent. of our average deposits. On average our liquidity increased; so much so that throughout 1956 our liquid assets have formed the largest of the three main items on that side of the Balance Sheet, in spite of the fact that we have increased our investments substantially during the year. This excessive liquidity has been possible only because there has been such a plentiful supply of Treasury Bills arising mainly from the expenditure by the Government of borrowed money, and it means, in effect, that monetary management, which some critics deride, has not yet been really put to the test in modern conditions. In this respect our position is very different from that of most of the banks in the United States and Canada, where the liquidity position has become much tighter, largely owing to the very heavy demands for bank lending, and where, in consequence, the banks have become much more susceptible to monetary policy.

Finance for Exports

In recent years we have felt justified, in view of the relatively low proportion of our advances, in stretching our normal practice by giving consideration to a number of propositions for the provision of medium-term finance for the export of capital goods. This business is of the highest importance to the expansion of export markets, and this is recognised by the fact that the Government, through the Export Credits Guarantee Department, are prepared in approved cases to guarantee the eventual fulfilment of the buyers' contracts. During the past two or three years we have considered propositions of this character to the value of many millions of pounds, and have assented in principle to a large number of them. Unfortunately much of this business does not materialise for one reason or another, and the amount which we have outstanding under this heading at the present time is quite small.

Copies of the Directors' Report containing the full text of the Chairman's Address may be obtained from Barclays Bank Limited, Room 156, 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

MARTINS BANK LIMITED

Sir A. HAROLD BIBBY'S REVIEW

A JUST SETTLEMENT OF SUEZ NEEDED

BANK'S CAPITAL STRUCTURE

Sir A. Harold Bibby, D.S.O., D.L., Chairman of Martins Bank Limited, in the course of his Statement to Shareholders said, inter alia:—

In the past ten years £1,989,958 have been added to the Bank's published reserves and these now stand at £6,150,000 or £1,834,904 in excess of our paid up capital.

Several times in recent years your Board has discussed the desirability of eliminating the callable and reserve liability on the partly paid shares. Once again this is under consideration and if a scheme proves feasible it will be submitted for your approval at the earliest possible moment.

Turning from domestic to national affairs, during the first seven months of this year all seemed to be going according to the national plan. The dearer money policy and the credit squeeze were slowly having effect. The balance of payments position had definitely improved and the pace of inflation had been checked though not halted. The value of our exports had increased overall; the floating debt had fallen.

So much for the credit side. Now let us look at the debit side.

In spite of a huge expenditure on new works and new machinery, there has been little rise in productivity as related to man hours and a positive decline as related to cost in terms of wages. Coal production has not responded to the vast expenditure on mechanical equipment. All this means that our exports cost more and at a time when we are meeting keener competition from abroad. In addition to high production costs, we have to carry a higher taxation load than any of our foreign competitors.

Incentives Needed for National Savings

Profits and ploughed back profits are essential if industry is to exist, let alone expand. These undistributed profits are industry's savings and are as essential as personal savings in providing new risk capital.

The National Savings Movement is doing a most praiseworthy task, but these very savings at present are all converted into Government funds where there is no safeguard that they are not unproductively spent. If these savings were earmarked for the improvement of our roads the elimination of traffic congestion and of man hours wasted thereby would materially add to the country's productive efficiency.

If this and other incentives to definite objects were given to supporters of the National Savings scheme the response would surely increase. Moreover, the whole tax structure requires a complete overhaul framed to encourage thrift, venture and reward and to this the Chancellor should give his immediate attention.

When many manufacturers could easily sell the bulk of their output in the home market the incentive to sell abroad was small. The whole emphasis should now be to encourage manufacturers to sell abroad by every means.

The era of easy profits is passing and this should call for greater efficiency and effort and the cessation of restrictive practices by both worker and employer.

Since Colonel Nasser illegally seized the Suez Canal the whole picture for the world, Western Europe and ourselves, in particular, has become completely blurred.

What is clear is that the Suez Canal must be put back into full commission at the earliest moment, the existing plans for deepening and widening must be carried through in the next few years and real and effective safeguards secured to ensure that it will be open to ships of all nations for all time. These safeguards will have to be something stronger than pious resolutions passed or vetoed at U.N.O.

Let us pray that a sound and just basis of settlement will be reached to give the world a chance of better living where faith in international good behaviour is justified.

The Chess Board

No. 375. Budding Genius

Considering that early prowess at Chess may well stand a better chance of maturisation than the (non-creative) achievement of musical prodigies; considering further that at least two great masters, Capablanca and Reshevsky, started out as prodigies, it may well be that young Bobby Fisher will emulate their careers before very long. He is only 13 now and he looked even younger when in a recent New York tournament he beat Byrne and Seidman and drew against Feuerstein, Mednis, Bernstein, Pavey and Shainswit. Moreover, his game against Byrne (the only competitor to beat Reshevsky in that tournament), was quite remarkable and earned the boy a well deserved brilliancy prize.

(1) Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(13) P x Kt	Kt x P!
(2) P-B4	P-KKt3	(14) B x P	Q-Kt3
(3) Kt-B3	B-Kt2	(15) B-B4 (B x R?)	Kt x QBP
(4) P-Q4	O-O	(16) B-B5	KR-K1 ch
(5) B-B4	P-Q4	(17) K-B1	B-K3!!
(6) Q-Kt3	P x P	(18) BxQ (B x B?)	B x B ch
(7) Q x BP	P-QB3	(19) K-Kt1	Kt-K7ch
(8) P-K4	QKt-Q2	(20) K-B1	Kt x P ch
(9) R-Q1	Kt-Kt3	(21) K-Kt1	Kt-K7 ch
(10) Q-B5	B-Kt5	(22) K-B1	Kt-B6 ch
(11) B-KKt5?	Kt-QR5!!	(23) K-Kt1	P x B
(12) Q-R3(best)	Kt x Kt	(24) Q-Kt4	R-R5!

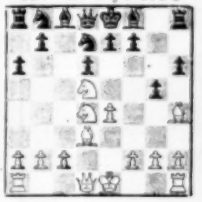
The rest is mere routine, but see how the youngster did it:

(25) Q x P, Kt x R. (26) P-KR3, R x P. (27) K-R2, Kt x P. (28) R-K1, R x R. (29) Q-Q8 ch. B-B1. (30) Kt x R, B-Q4. (31) Kt-B3, Kt-K5. (32) Q-Kt8, P-QKt4. (33) P-R4, P-R4. (34) Kt-K5, K-Kt2. (35) K-Kt1, B-B4 ch. (36) K-B1, Kt-Kt6 ch. (37) K-K1, B-Kt5 ch. (38) K-Q1, B-Kt6 ch. (39) K-B1, Kt-K7 ch. (40) K-Kt1, Kt-B6 ch. (41) K-B1, R-B7 mate.

Quite an achievement for a boy of 13, but then Reshevsky was only 11 when he toppled no mean opposition in simultaneous play and beat Janowsky in a gruelling (if far from flawless) match-game of 65 moves; and Capablanca was 12 when, winning the championship of Cuba, he trounced his predecessor in this remarkable game.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(6) Kt-Kt5	P-KR3
(2) Kt-QB3	Kt-QB3	(7) Kt x P	K x Kt
(3) P-B4	P x P	(8) P-Q4	P-Q4!
(4) Kt-B3	P-KKt4	(9) P x P	Q-R2 ch
(5) P-KR4	P-Kt5	(10) K-B2	P-Kt6 ch
		(11) K-Kt1	Kt x P!
		(12) Q x Kt	Q-B4!!
		(13) Kt-K2	Q-Kt3!
		(14) Q x Q	RP x Q
		(15) Kt-Q4	B-QB4
		(16) P-B3	R-R5!
		(17) B-K2	B x Kt ch
		(18) P x B	R x QP
		(19) P-Kt3	Kt-B3
		(20) B-Kt2	R-Q7
		(21) B-R5 ch	Kt x B!
		(22) B x R	P-B6!
		(23) P x P	Kt-B5
		(24) B-K5	R-Kt7 ch
		(25) K-B1	R-B7 ch
		(26) K-K1	Kt-Q6 ch
		(27) resigns	

A: E. Seyb 1956



The 4-pointer for beginners comes from a game in which Black had just played . . . P-KKt4. How did White exploit his enviable position? **B**, a draw and **C**, a win (for 6 and 7 points) are beautiful no less than instructive.

B: A. Troitzky 1936

C: Leonid Kubbel 1921

Usual prizes. Entries by January 28.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 372. Set December 29

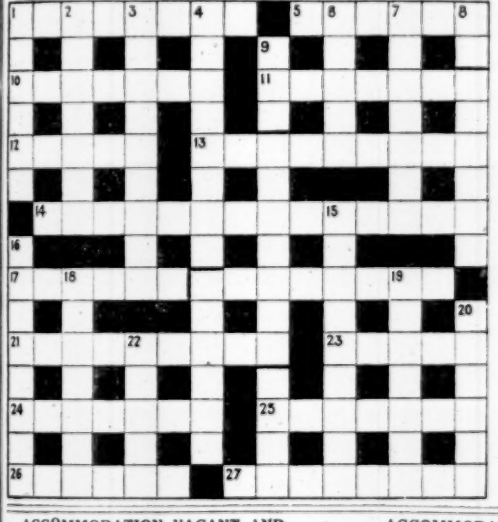
A: (1) . . . Q-B2. (2) B x KP, Q-B8 ch. (3) B-Kt1, Q-B6 ch! (4) B x Q, B x B mate.
B: Key: K-Kt2, followed by (2) K-B2, Q-R2, Q-B2 or Kt-Kt5 respectively.
C: (1) P-B4, B x P. (2) B-K1 ch, K-Kt5. (3) B x B ch, K x P. (4) B-Q2 ch, K-K4. (5) B-B3 ch, K-Q3. (6) B-Kt4 ch, K-B2. (7) B-R5 ch, K-Kt1. (8) B-Kt2, etc.

Dozens of correct solutions. Prizes shared by C. H. B. Brown, S. N. Collings, S. Dunne, B. Lodge, F. O'Hara, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 234

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 234, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 29.



ACROSS

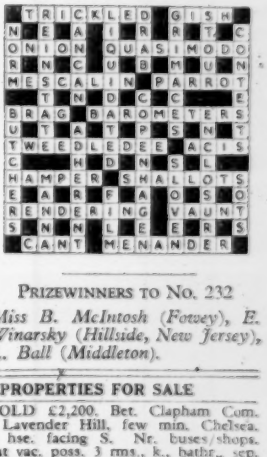
1. Brave the wolves with beauty treatment (8).
5. Not so much to do for the class (6).
10. Without me the salt would be a novel hero (7).
11. If differently headed these letters might be made of elastic (7).
12. Animal provided when everyone comes back to mother (5)
13. My lover gives me a word of thanks about the retrograde French novel (9).
14. Post for the chief commander and his vessel (14).
17. Little brother Kenneth sips more changes and betrayals (6, 8).
21. Weakness in a tree before it is in my grasp (9).
23. Abuse rife before half-term (5).
24. Poles in a characteristic passage (7).
25. Nervous with their inside upset (7).
26. "Time is our tedious song should here have ——" (Milton) (6).
27. "Beware of —— to a quarrel" (*Hamlet*) (8).

DOWN

1. Relations and a friend in a carriage (6).
2. Corpse as a result of a driving accident? (7).
3. Strip of territory for a god to cope with (9).
4. The priest gives an indication of the main directions (8, 6).
6. Patron of poetry whose weight rises on nothing (5).
7. Food whose tin does not go down in the shipwreck (7).
8. What C and F have in common (2, 6).
9. Politician who has an obscure end after the ruin of his honesty about a Middle Eastern country (3, 7, 4).
15. Precipitation of the sun in liquid (9).
16. Sailors in the drink (8).
18. Casual worker of the righ (7).
19. Oriental is behind at bottom (7).
20. Make a fresh copy of the engineers' model (6).
22. Vegetable product concerning evil (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 232



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 232

Miss B. McIntosh (Fowey), E. Winarsky (Hillside, New Jersey), L. Ball (Middleton).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

PUTNEY. Attractively furnished divan-room with kitchen. Intellectual preferred. £2 15s. per week. PUT. 3395.

HAMPSTD. Div-r., all con., tel. Suit man/wom. wishing live independently. 38s. 6d. Also v. lge, ditto 58s. 6d. Box 9485.

AVAIL. termly. Non-luxury non-U flatlet with mature grand. Half-hour West End. £12 monthly. WOO. 7830.

ST. JOHN'S Wood, mod. block. Bachelor (Jewish) offers accom. to intel. gentleman, 34-45. Min. 4½gns. Box 9582.

PLEAS. div. rm. o'lkg. gdn. Quiet hse., h. & c. bas., all elec. eqp. Own meter, lin., china, share tel., bath. Nr. Hornsey Rise bus. 37s. 6d. p.w. long let. ARC. 3657.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, musical/lit. ints. Sgle. rm. 47s. 6d. HAMpstead 8109.

WELL-furn. single bed-sit. room, mod., clean, quiet hse. Const. h.w. HAM. 8698.

APPROXIMATELY 20 furnished apartments avail. in this & nearby districts. Rooms from 30s. single, 40s. double. Flats from 50s. Regret no chldn. L.A.B. GER. 9050.

15 mins. West End. Huge dble.-div. flatlet. MAI. 6808 aft. 7 p.m./anytime w'end.

BEDROOM & sittingroom to let in quiet, warm house. Own small elec. cooker, use bath, tel. Suit single person. HAM. 3032.

N.W.3. Furn. top flat. Dbl. & sgl. bedrms. Lounge, kit., use b. Box 9682.

PUTNEY. Large sing. divan-room, own basin; large sit.; all newly dec., light, linen, c.h.w., etc. £4 10s. Box 9681.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

N.W.3, nr. Tube. Dble. rm., own kit. £4. Also sgle. for lady. 42s. PRI. 3560.

WESTMINSTER: bed-sit. rm., in pleas. private house, cooking facs., cleaning, linen, suit gentleman, 65s. p.w. Apply: 23 Maunsel Street, S.W.1.

B/S., small kit. almost unfurn. Notting Hill, suit grad. (f). Box 9614.

BAYSWATER, well-furn. b/s., c.h., tel., bathrm., service, linen. BAY. 7456.

ST. John's Wd. Excel. b/s. rm., own kit., all other facs., offd. for lady pref. Mons.-Fris. MAI. 6155 after 6 p.m.

PLEAS. lge. B/s. rm., h. & c., elec. &c. £2 10s. p.w. E. Finchley. Box 9630.

KEW. 2 rm. flatlet, part or furn. c.h.w. 3½gns. Refs. please Box 9424.

SUSSEX Highlands. Mod. 4-berth caravan lovely country bordering Ashdown Forest. Secluded posn. 4-7gns. p.w. Box 9363.

YOUNG surveyor seeks b/s., flatlet or share flat, reasonably central, approx. 3 gns. Ring office. Roe. TRA. 3606.

YNG. cpl. (no chldn.) sk. unf. accom. 4 min. Inner Lon. Waltham 5220.

GRAD. Couple (baby Feb.) desp., req. cheap flat, London area. Unf. pref., 3 rooms minimum. Use gdn. Box 9541.

PROFESSIONAL man (31) seeks inexpensive pied-à-terre S.W.1. Box 9635.

STUDENT (m.) seeks accommodation and breakfast (family pref.); Regent's Park or Hampstead. Box 9673.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

FIANCEE threatens "No flat. No wedding." Three rooms, kit., bath; bright, central, reasonable. Soon. Box 9484.

BLACK man leaving Turkey early Feb. for 2 years' professional work in London reqs. flat/suitable accom. Please reply only if indifferent to colour. Box 9561.

MUSIC student seeks permanent, fairly central digs. (student house), use of kit., telephone. Box 9600.

LARGE organisation urgently requires furn. accommodation, flats, flatlets (own cookers essential) within 30 minutes of Piccadilly Circus. No agents. L.A.B., Ger. 9050.

2 young engineers require furnished flat 10 mins. Victoria. Phone essential. G. R. Boney, 64 Gleneagle Road, S.W.16.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

KENSINGTON, off Church Street. Professor's furnished house (or part), for six months beginning Feb. 3 bed., 2 living, kitchen, bath, etc. Small garden. Suit family or friends sharing. Low rent to careful tenants. BAY. 1556 before 11 a.m.

FURN. s/c. flat, 4 rms., k. & b., gdn. 4 gns. p.w. TUD. 7778.

TO let. Bungalow, Rhossilly, Gower, Swansea. Three reception rooms, three bedrooms, bathroom. Accommodate seven. Garage, electricity, main water. Overlooking sea, sandy bays, bathing, magnificent scenery. Fortnight or longer. March-Oct. Apply Wilton Rix, Jarn. Boars Hill, Oxford 75272.

SMALL furn. house or flat in village nr. London wtd. for 6 months by American professor & family (2 children). Box 9464.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

FREEHOLD £2,200. Bet. Clapham Com. and Lavender Hill. few min. Chelsea. Well-blt. hse. facing S. Nr. buses/shops. Upper flat vac. poss. 3 rms., k., bathr., sep. w.c., all poss. mod. con., new contemp. decoration. Lower flat let. Gdn. To view, tel. Battersea 2698 after 6 p.m. or weekends.

HIGH Barnet. Warm, roomy, family house. Large rms., 3/4 bedrms., four radiators, fitted wardrobes, garage, lge. gdn., all fittings. £3,250. No agents. Barnet 5339.

SCHOLARSHIPS

CHANNING School Foundation Scholarship Examination, 1957, for both boarders and day girls, will be held on 25-27 February next. The scholarships are open to girls born between September 1, 1943, and August 31, 1946. Full partics.: Sec., Channing School, Highgate, London.

SEVENOAKS School. Scholarship Regulations. Two or more Major Scholarships value up to full fees (£111 p.a. day boy; £261 boarder). Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions, Junior Group age: 10.2-11.6 (Maths., English and one optional subject). Senior Group age 11.6 to 13.8. Exam. end of February. Further particulars from Headmaster.

SCHOOLS

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly of full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE University of Sheffield. Chairs of Economics. Applications are invited from economists in any branch of the subject for two Chairs of Economics, both vacant at the end of September, 1957, one by the retirement of Professor G. P. Jones, and the other a newly created Chair. One of the professors will be appointed Head of the Department of Economics. In addition to its present functions the Department will in future assume responsibility for the conduct of teaching and research in Business Studies for which exceptional local facilities are available. Salary £2,150 a year, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Further particulars should be obtained from The Registrar, The University, Sheffield 10, to whom applications (25 copies, one only from overseas candidates) should be sent by February 16, 1957.

NATIONAL Coal Board, East Midlands Division invite applications for a responsible post in the Training Branch of the Staff Department. The successful candidate will deputise for the Divisional Staff Training Officer in his absence and assist him in all aspects of the education and training of non-industrial staff and junior officials and the education of industrial employees including apprentices. A degree or equivalent qualification is desirable and some previous experience in the field of Staff Training would be an advantage. The post is superannuable, and salary will be on a scale of £1,085 to £1,475, according to qualification and experience. Applications, in fullest detail, to Staff Director, East Midlands Division, National Coal Board, Sherwood Lodge, Arnold, Notts, not later than Jan. 25, 1957, quoting S.V. 683.

BERKSHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Educational Psychologist. Applications are invited from men and women for appointment as full-time Educational Psychologist to work as a member of the Committee's child guidance team. A degree in Psychology and teaching experience are desirable qualifications. Salary scale Soulbury Grade II for Educational Psychologists, men £1,150 × £30—£1,400, women £1,020 × £24—£1,212 (with equal pay adjustment). Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Director of Education, Shire Hall, Reading, to whom they should be returned by January 31, 1957.

LONDON County Council. Holland Park School, Campden Hill Road, W.8. Headmaster or headmistress required for this new secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls expected to open September, 1958, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning September, 1957. Burnham Group 22 based on estimated unit total of 3,250 for 1962. School will offer wide variety of studies, academic and practical, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). Ample provision for studies in commerce, engineering, needlecraft, photography, music and for general courses of study. There will be deputy headmaster or headmistress, with substantial allowance, provision for other posts of responsibility, and full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. Person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and strong interest in whole field secondary education is sought. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Holland), (form TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since August, 1955, and have nothing to alter), obtainable with further particulars from the Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. Closing date January 26, 1957. Parliament Hill School, Highgate Road, N.W.5. Headmistress required for this 9-form entry secondary school for 1,350 girls; vacancy due to retirement of present headmistress. Head teacher allowance expected to be approximately £1,099, making total salary, including other appropriate Burnham allowances (and including three-sevenths equal pay additions) about £2,099. School offers wide variety of courses, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). There is ample provision for general studies in commerce, dressmaking tailoring and catering. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Parliament) (form TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since August, 1955, and have nothing to alter), obtainable with further particulars from the Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. Candidates who applied in response to previous advertisement will be considered without re-application. Closing date January 26, 1957.

THE University of Manchester. Ashburne Hall of Residence. Applications are invited for the post of Vice-Warden of this Hall which accommodates about 210 women students. The Vice-Warden will also act as Tutor to one wing (70 students). The duties of Hall Librarian may also be attached to the appointment. Duties to commence in late April, 1957. Stipend not less than £450 per annum according to qualifications and experience, together with board and residence. Applications must be submitted not later than January 26, 1957, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Committee. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. for child guidance work at Ealing Child Guidance Centre. Should hold M.H. Cert. of L.S.E. or approved equivalent. Salary as P.T.A. Circ. 33. Prescribed condition. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Borough Education Officer, 26 Castlebar Road, Ealing, W.5, returnable by January 31. (Quote U.380, N.S.) Canvassing disqualifies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

A CAREER in Work Study. A worthwhile career is offered in the London area by an international manufacturing organisation in its Methods Engineering Department, which is being rapidly expanded. There are a number of immediate vacancies, occasioned by the decision to increase the establishment. Applicants should be men of not more than 30 years of age, of good education, and with not less than 3 years' experience in this type of work. They should be able to work on their own initiative and have a suitable personality for getting their ideas across effectively at all levels. Where desirable, further study in this field will be arranged and financed by the Company. Write, giving full particulars, to Box 9589.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men and women for the following posts: Senior Children's Visitor. Applicants should hold a Social Science Degree or Certificate and/or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and should have had casework experience. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. III, £656-£784 2s 6d. Children's Visitor: Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. II, £609 17s 6d-£691 17s 6d, plus £20 temporary excess rate. Applicants should hold University qualification in Social Science and/or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Further particulars and conditions of service can be obtained from the Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham 3. P.O. Box 93. Closing date for applics: January 28, 1957.

READING Education Committee. Educational Psychologist (with an Honours Degree in Psychology and teaching experience) required for work in the schools and in the Child Guidance Clinic. Salary on Grade H of Soulbury Scales (Man: £1,250-£1,400, Woman: £1,116-£1,308, plus equal pay increments). Appropriate deductions for superannuation. Further particulars and applicn. form (returnable by Jan. 31) from Chief Education Officer, Blagrave St., Reading.

BIRMINGHAM Family Service Unit wishes to appoint an experienced caseworker or psychiatric social worker to be responsible for a small caseload and for some casework supervision. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Further information from the Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

PARK House School, Peper Harow, nr. Godalming, Surrey. Assistant Master required at this Home Office Approved School for 82 Senior Boys (age 15-19). Ability to teach retarded and emotionally disturbed boys, and understanding of their personal problems is essential. Interest in P.E., games and handicrafts will be an advantage. Salary: Burnham Scale plus 4 increments plus an extraneous duty allowance of £180 p.a. for a minimum of 15 hours duty a week. There is excellent accommodation for married applicants. Suitably qualified wives of candidates may apply for joint appointment in the new post of Housemother (salary: £379 × £15 to £440 p.a.) Further particulars and form of application from the Headmaster on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

PARK House School, Peper Harow, nr. Godalming, Surrey. Joint appointment, Housemaster/Housemother, or separate appointment for each post. Applications are invited for the posts of Housemaster and Housemother at this Home Office Approved School for 82 Senior Boys (age 15-19). Excellent accommodation is available within the school grounds at an inclusive rent of £52 p.a. Salaries: Housemaster, depending on age, £476 p.a. at 23 years, £584 p.a. at 30 years and over. Thence by increments of £15 to £645 (efficiency bar) and then by £15 and £20 to £753 p.a. Housemother, £379 p.a. × £15 to £440 p.a. Further particulars and application forms from the Headmaster on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

COUNTY of Leicester Children's Committee. Child Care Officer (woman) required, to be responsible for all field work in one area of the County. Salary A.P.T. II (£609—£691). Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma and/or Child Care Certificate, and also a driving licence. Apply by letter giving age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, to Children's Officer, St. Christopher's House, 12 Talbot Lane, Leicester, by January 31, 1957.

LONDON Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. Officer required for a new post which offers unusual scope for personal initiative and experiment. The person appointed will be responsible for assessing the need for voluntary helpers in Youth Clubs and for recruiting suitable men and women to meet these needs. Experience and/or qualifications in youth work essential and experience of leader and member training would be an added advantage. Salary scale £500 to £725 plus family allowance. Application form from the Organising Secretary, London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, St. Anne's House, Venn Street, Clapham, S.W.4, which must be returned within two weeks after the appearance of this advertisement.

YOUTH Leader, man with experience, required full-time for mixed club in West London. Non-resident post. Pension scheme. Apply stating experience and qualifications to the Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., Marylebone, London, N.W.8

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

YOUNG Solicitor required by large industrial corporation for post in their Legal Department in London. The post would suit a recently qualified man with sound training but limited experience, who will be engaged principally upon work in connection with Common Law claims and Town and Country Planning matters, including local enquiries. Good opportunities for gaining a wider experience of the law. Appointment (superannuable) with initial salary between £834 and £962, but an able and energetic man can expect advancement when he has proved his worth. Write, with full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, to Box 9593 before January 28, 1957.

PUBLISHERS, with expanding list, require services of full- or part-time Children's Book Editor. Please apply Box 9558.

THE National Council of Social Service invites applications for man or woman to act as Secretary to the Standing Conference of Councils of Social Service. Administrative and organising experience of social welfare work required. Post entails travelling and public speaking. Salary from £850 according to experience and qualifications. Superannuation scheme. Applications with three testimonials to Secretary, 26 Bedford Square, W.C.1, by Feb. 1, 1957. Further particulars and appl. form avail. on request.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Psychotherapist reqd. at Hornsey Child Guidance Centre, The Priory, Priory Road, N.8, for 6 sessions p. wk. Hons. degree in Psychology with recognised training, &/or equiv. experce. in Child Psychotherapy. Payment £2 2s. per 3-hr. session (under review). Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great George Street S.W.1, returnable by Feb. 1. (Quote U.290 N.S.N.).

PART-TIME Warden for Weeke Community Centre, Winchester. Salary £204 p.a. Apply in writing to Hon. Sec., 11 Pemerton Rd., Weeke, Winchester.

CLUB Leader wanted to work with members of all age groups. Pleasant living quarters, 6 weeks holiday. Y.W.C.A., East Acton Lane, W.3., She. 3285.

ST. Marylebone Youth Centre Part-time youth leader preferably with experience, married, commencing two evenings a week, 25s. per evening. Applications, in writing, to Miss Lowther, 29 Manor House, N.W.1.

CHILDREN'S Club Leader required Marylebone four evenings per week, 5.30 to 7.30 p.m. For further details apply, stating experience and qualifications, to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., Marylebone, London, N.W.8.

HOUSEFATHERS-in-charge req'd. at cottage-type children's home in Essex. Joint appointments available for married couples. Training or experience essential. Salaries, Housefather: £479 8s. to £549 18s. Housemother: £451 4s. to £521 14s., each plus £17 12s. 6d. p.a. for Home Office Certificate and less charge for board, etc. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/2361), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

BI-LINGUAL French/English Private Secretaries, aged 35 or over, required for Directors old-established merchant concern in Aden and Addis Ababa. French shorthand essential. Excellent salary, living allowance, free furnished quarters. Contracts of 2 years' service followed by 3 months' leave. Write with full particulars. Box 9538.

THE Institute of Personnel Management has two vacancies for s/typists to the Membership and Training Secretaries respectively. Good speeds essential and ability to work on own initiative an advantage. Hours 9-5.30. No Saturdays. Phone for appointment. GRO. 6000, ext. 306.

LONDON M.P. requires experienced secretary five mornings, one afternoon a week. Good sh./typing essential. Box 9648.

EFFICIENT, intelligent secretary-shorthand-typist required for interesting work (publishing). Write Box 9584.

INTERNATIONAL organisation requires accurate Copy Typist/Filing Clerk, able to type Spanish or French as well as English. Previous experience desirable. British nationality not essential. Salary £7-£8 per week, according to age and qualifications. Three weeks' holiday, luncheon vouchers, pensions scheme. Apply in writing to Miss Stewart, International Tin Council, 35 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

COMMERCIAL advertiser wants for T.V. announcer compère M.C. Interviewer Spieler if you can talk. Apply giving experience, age. Box 9690.

FREE-lance figure and strip artists required. High standard only. Vale Studios, 3a Harrington Rd., S. Kensington, S.W.7.

SHT./Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

INTELLIGENT sec. with initiative reqd. for Architects' office. WEL. 6543.

TRAVEL Agency central London requires retired man for postal duties; some clerical work, also journeys to Consulate. Write stating age and particulars. Box 9448.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DR. BARNARDO'S Homes require Woman Welfare Officer for supervision of Boarding Out Homes and Girls After C... work in London. Must have Social Sc... Diploma or moral welfare training. ... experience in Child Care work essen... Miss Chavasse, 18 Stepney Causeway, E...

ASSISTANT required for research in ... Faculty of Commerce and Social Sc... in particular in the fields of Commerce ... Statistics. Degree an advantage. Initial ... up to £455 a year according to age and q... fications. Particulars of education, experie... age, to Clerk to the Faculty of Commerce ... Social Science, University, Birmingham 15.

COMPETENT secretary required by Br... of School Broadcasting. Associated ... diffusion, Limited; experience of educa... work and good shorthand-typing essen... Applications to Assistant General Man... (Staff), Television House, Kingsway, W.C...

CAREER women are offered the wi... possible selection of vacancies at Fi... Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and C... Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, ... be sure that all the most interesting ... best-paid positions, both permanent ... temporary, are open to them at any of ... branches, 95-99 Praed St., W.2, 69 Fleet ... E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbri... S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat provides ... is always glad to welcome educa... women with really good secretarial qualifi... tions. Posts at commencing salaries of £... and with excellent prospects, always availa... for suitably qualified women. The ... Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bri... Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Fi... bury Circus, E.C.2.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian requ... all staff, M./f., perm./temp. No fees. ... Tottenham Ct. Rd. W.1. EUS. 2579/27...

WEST End Coffee Bar requires three w... bred girls as assistants, part-time ... full-time. Box 9579.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employm... Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaft... bury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines...

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERT Stenographer, 37, ex-medical so... welfare officer, sks. post, full or par... time, where organising ability & responsib... outlook appreciated. FIN. 0371.

WELFARE work, people not paper, hom... or abroad, sought by journalist, ... retiring soon from regions, post. Box 958...

ATTRAC. yng lady rec. returned fr... U.S.A. sks. intg. remun. post. Typ... ability, nursing backgrnd. T.L.C. Box 95...

FRIDAY, Saturday and/or Monday ... for secretarial or other duties. Box 95...

SEC., expd. (incl. Hamburg), 24, grad. F... Ger., some Italian, driver, seeks pa... London or S. England. Box 9490.

CAN anyone offer young, female journal... new, interesting work? Box 9455.

GENTLEMAN M.A. (Oxon), age ... extensive business & legal exp.; travels ... widely; many contacts abroad, sks. post, ... trust. Wd. travel anywhere as agent, rep... sentative. 29 Montclair Drive, L'pool, ...

PRESENTABLE young man reqs. job b... fore Oxford in Oct. (Open Exhibition ... P. McKay, 53a Redcliffe Rd., S.W.10.

STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Application ... invited for the Herbert Smith Memor... Research Studentship (for research in eith... Botany or Zoology, preferably on a subje... connected with the interests of the Soci... for the Promotion of Nature Reserves), ... the value of £100 per annum, tenable for t... years. Applicants should normally possess ... Bachelor's Degree of this University (with ... least Second Class Honours), or an equiv... lent qualification of another University in t... United Kingdom, but candidates about t... take their Final Degree Examination ... eligible. Application (on prescribed form ... must reach the Secretary to the Scholarship ... Committee, Senate House, London, W.C.... (from whom form and further particulars ma... be obtained) not later than March 1, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of London. Postgraduate ... Studentships. Applications are invited ... from Graduates of the University of Londo... for the following studentships, for full-time ... research or advanced study: In any subject: ... (a) Postgraduate Studentships (£325 for one ... year); (b) William Lincoln Shelley Student... ship (£325 p.a. for one or two years); ... Arthur Jubber Studentship (£325 for one ... year); (d) Postgraduate Travelling Student... ships (value according to need—for one year). ... In Physics: (a) George William Britt (Junior) ... Studentship (£100 for one year). Applicants ... for (a), (b), (c) and (e) must be graduates of ... not more than three years' standing and for ... (d) they must be under the age of 28. Forms ... and further particulars from Secretary to the ... Scholarships Committee, Senate House, Lon... don, W.C.1, to whom applications should be ... returned by March 1, 1957.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 9... per line (average 6 words). Box No. ... extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tue... State latest date acceptable. Great Turnsti... London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

PERSONAL

MOTHER with boy aged 7-9 offered 2 nice rooms, evening meal. Garden- & music-lover preferred. North London. Box 9486.

FRENCH girl, good education, wishes to have a one year's stay in an English family. Write to R. Munet, 3 Avenue Leon Gourdault, Choisy-le-Roi, Seine, France.

YOUNG Israeli S.R.N. seeks private nursing work. Fully experienced. Phone mornings. Nurse Bomzer, GLA. 2137.

SCHOOLMASTER, wife, 2 children, want quiet cottage 2 wks. Aug. Sandy coves, bathing, fishing. Perhaps abroad if reas. No fancy prices, remember Burnham. Box 9487.

JOURNALIST (Brit.), Hons. degree; knowl. Malaya, Japan, U.S.A., Eur., all-party parl. contacts; wide cult. interests; offers overseas paper weekly London letter. Box 9275.

EX-NURSE offers comfortable home convalescents or elderly. Short stay or perm. Mod. terms. Mrs. Thompson, 35 Westgate Bay Av., Westgate/Sea. Thanet 31423.

EXAMS. looming. Coloured baby (f.) urgently needs good home temporarily. Parents studying. Refs. exchgd. Box 9577.

LARGE self-contained bed-sitter available to lady in return for baby-sitting and light duties. Phone LAD. 5415.

LADY with beautiful house & garden, E. Anglia, seeks companionship of educated lady, car-driver & garden-lover. Contribution towards cost of food only. No housework as excellent daily help kept. Box 9407.

LONDON flat exchanged week-ends for Oxford accommodation. Box 9409.

REPRODUCTION Guernica, full colour, 49" × 22". Ideal for dec. schemes. Publ. by Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, 42s. Sybil Croft, 23 Elm Ave., Watford Heath, Herts.

FOR sale: 2 pair electrically converted horse carriage lamps. Gd. cond. Box 9460.

WOMAN teacher, 38, would like to join small, jolly holiday party, Easter week-end. Hotel or touring. Box 9551.

NOT a masculine bee but the best of holidays. Hebe, Yachthaven, Hayling.

YOUNG man (25), ex-executive civil servant, wants ideas for new job. Interested modern architecture and design, but any suggestion welcome. No civil service type atmosphere. All replies answered. Box 9508.

PRIVATE ski-ing party forming Easter, Austrian Tyrol. Enquiries: Box 9678.

COMPENSATION & Restitution Claims against Germany prepared and lodged. Dr. Leonard Kirsch, former Rechtsanwalt, 30 Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7. KEN. 2246.

MRS. Stanley's Social-Cultural Group, formed to provide a meeting place on common ground for people with similar interests, has moved to 9 Regent's Court, N.W.1. New members welcome. PAD. 3141.

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